The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

MARCH

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(but, brother, she tried!)

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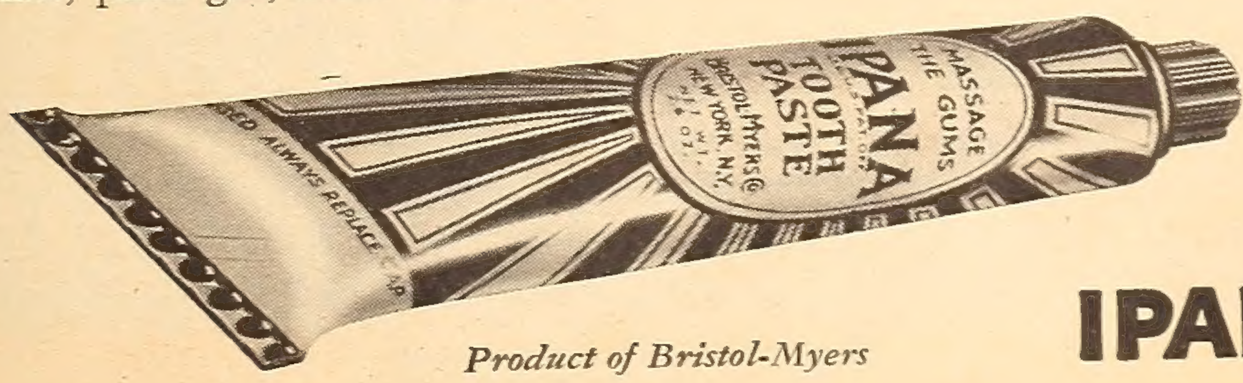

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★ ★ ★ ★

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★ ★ ★ ★

You have seen the recent films, "H. M. Pulham, Esq." (Lamarr-Young-Hussey), "Woman of the Year" (Tracy-Hepburn) and "Johnny Eager" (Taylor-Turner). If you haven't, they are still playing some place.

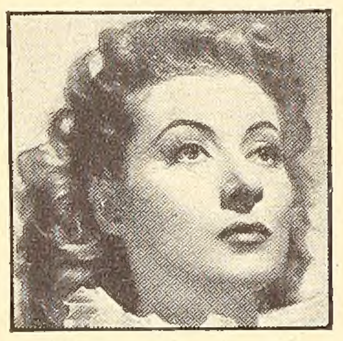
★ ★ ★ ★

Each in its way is a masterpiece.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now we should like to recommend "We Were Dancing", which is based in part on the Noel Coward playlets called "Tonight at 8:30"—starring Norma Shearer, Melvyn Douglas.

★ ★



"Mrs. Miniver", based on the novel by Jan Struther, starring Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon.

★ ★

This screen play is by James Hilton, author of "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and R. C. Sherriff, author of "Journey's End." An exciting collaboration.

Uncle Sam, you can count on me.

—Leo

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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March, 1942 — Vol. XLIV, No. 5

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COVER PORTRAIT OF CLAIRE TREVOR

Columbia Pictures star appearing in "The Adventures of Martin Eden," wearing a white cotton crochet sweater

V. G. Heimbucher, President — Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher — D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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with FAY BAINTER · REGINALD OWEN · Directed by GEORGE STEVENS
Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ · Screen Play by Ring Lardner, Jr. and Michael Kanin

HOT from HOLLYWOOD

The four lovely "defrosters" on this page, Katherine Booth and Blanche Grady, left; Linda Grey, lower left, and Alaine Brandes, appear in the new filmusical, "The Fleet's In," which stars Dorothy Lamour. They're not really cold as the furs might lead you to believe—or had you guessed it?

HEDY LAMARR and Tim Durant are supposed to have it bad. And that ain't good. That is, if John Howard cares for Hedy as much as he appears to care for her. When Hedy gave John a pair of cuff links of lovers' knot design, he couldn't have been more pleased. For her birthday, John had the lovers' knot design copied into earrings, bracelet, and clips. Wouldn't it be nice if they'd tie the lovers' knot and get it over with!

SIGN on a sound stage door: "Keep Out. Mickey Rooney Especially." All of which means that every time they wanted Mickey for a scene, he was on another set listening to Tommy Dorsey's band rehearsing. But the M-G-M Mick isn't the only one who dogs Dorsey. Lana Turner is always right there "cooking with gas." Hollywood says it's a romance. Her friends say that Lana just has music on her mind. Whatever it is, trust Turner to stay in rhythm!

PITY poor Jack Benny. Over the holiday season he had to go on a strict diet. In "To Be Or Not To Be," the comedian had to wear snappy uniforms. When he tried them on they gave him orders to lose ten pounds. The first week after the picture was finished he gained them right back again. "Who wants to be a Tyrone Power?" asks Jack. "*You* do," answers Mary Livingston. And that was that.

BOB HOPE stopped by the set to watch Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire do a scene. They did it so naturally and had so much fun, Bob was most impressed. "You boys get along so well," said Hope, "you must have a great deal in common." "Yes, we have," quickly cracked Crosby. "Seven kids and two toupees between us!"

(*Please turn to page 13*)

IT'S doctor's orders for Bette Davis! Making five pictures a year, accepting the presidency of the Motion Picture Academy, working on committees, defense bond drives, personal appearances, etc., has been a great drain on her strength. Bette's being forced to give it all up for a two months' rest. She's even putting up her Hollywood home for sale. Her terrific sense of responsibility has been the cause of it all. Ironically enough, when the Hollywood Women's Press Club elected her the most cooperative actress of the year, Bette had to dash over on her lunch hour to accept the gold apple award. During the presentation speech, she was so nervous and exhausted she almost passed out cold. That's when the doctor said take a long rest—or else!

TORCH of the month is being carried by Dorothy Lamour. In fact, Dottie is so lonesome she's closed up her big home in Briarcrest Canyon and moved into the Sunset Towers. They do say as how Marlene Dietrich is quite interested in Greg Bautzer (Dottie's ex-boy friend and before Dottie, Lana Turner's). So far Marlene is still gabbing with Gabin.

HOLLYWOOD women are up in arms! The minute the war broke out the Women's Defense Corps was organized. They meet three times a week. They drill for hours and learn first aid. Jimmy Gleason, an army captain in the last war, is teaching pistol range shooting. Barbara Stanwyck, Rosalind Russell, Mrs. Jack Benny and Mrs. Ray Milland were the first to enroll. George Murphy's wife recently graduated from a mechanical training school. She donned her best Sunday overalls to receive her diploma!

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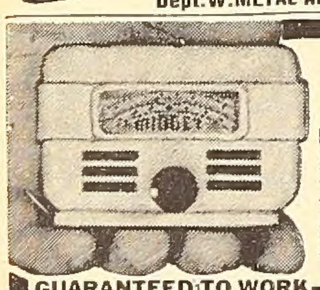

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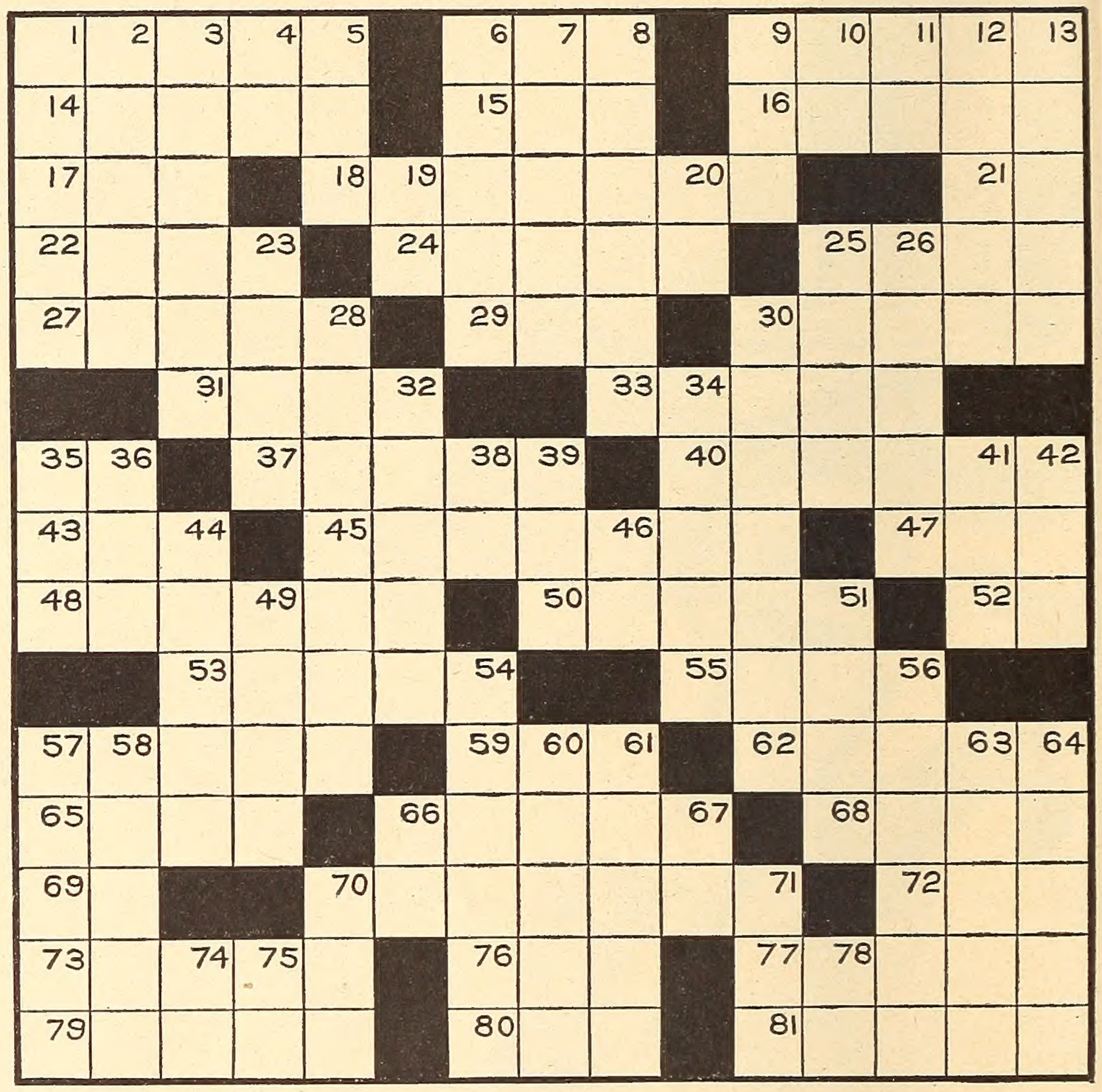
SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. She was the "International Lady"
6. He's *Dr. Kildare*
9. Screen star, married to Annabella
14. Clothed
15. Crude mineral
16. To anoint
17. "It Started With - - -" (Durbin)
18. She plays *Ma Donahue* in "All Through the Night"
21. Pa's wife
22. Wicked Roman Emperor
24. Edible part of cow's stomach
25. Co-star, "The Lady Is Willing"
27. To eat or wear away
29. Compass point (abbrev.)
30. Flies high
31. Famous English King's favorite
33. Rotary (rare)
35. Either
37. These are hard to find when the movie's a hit
40. She's back on the screen in "Kathleen"
43. To tire
45. Co-star, "Father Takes a Wife"
47. "- - - Green Was My Valley"
48. He was a "Yank in the R.A.F."
50. To cede, give up
52. Biblical pronoun
53. On the left side (ship's term)
55. Genuine
57. Internal
59. Star, "Ladies in Retirement"
62. Falls in drops
65. Decays
66. Co-star, "Week-end in Havana"
68. Rent, ripped
69. Famous "Mammy" singer
70. Co-star, "You'll Never Get Rich"
72. To bite, pinch
73. To contaminate
76. "Dead - - -" (made a team of kids famous)
77. Co-star, "Twin Beds"
79. To follow
80. The, in German
81. Waist bands

DOWN

1. Co-star, "Unfinished Business"
2. Sweetheart
3. Star, "Lydia"
4. Compass point (abbrev.)
5. To sum up
6. He's featured in "Arsenic and Old Lace"
7. He's featured in "The Adventures of Martin Eden"
8. Mourner
9. Chum (slang)
10. "They Died With Their Boots - -"
11. "- - Were Dancing" (Norma Shearer's new one)
12. Man's name
13. Peruses
19. "Man - - Large" (Marjorie Weaver)
20. French article
23. Poems
25. Spume; suds
26. He's *Ellery Queen*
28. Dancing star, "Lady Be Good"
30. Hardened
32. Freight loader
34. Different
35. Frequently (Poetic)
36. Co-star, "Skylark"
38. "You Belong - - Me," a movie
39. Underhanded
41. She's Mrs. Thin Man
42. Female sheep
44. Co-star, "Suspicion"
46. Mixed-up printers' type
49. Uncloses (poetic)
51. To move quickly
54. Tipped
56. *Dr. Gillespie* in the *Dr. Kildare* stories
57. Angry
58. Hero in "Steel Against the Sky"
60. She's Mrs. William Powell
61. Sour substances
63. Publish
64. Clans (Irish)
66. Since
67. Syllable of hesitation
70. Took food
71. To recede (as tide)
74. "This Woman - - Mine" (Franchot Tone)
75. Greek letter
78. Note of the scale

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

G	A	L	E	■	B	E	T	T	E	■	A	B	E	L
A	L	O	E	■	O	D	O	R	S	■	L	U	R	E
R	E	A	L	L	Y	■	L	I	P	S	■	R	I	A
Y	E	N	■	E	D	G	E	■	Y	A	N	K	E	D
■	■	S	A	W	■	A	R	E	■	N	E	E	■	■
A	S	■	N	I	B	S	■	D	O	D	D	■	H	E
L	U	G	O	S	I	■	I	D	L	Y	■	O	E	R
L	E	O	N	■	L	L	O	Y	D	■	A	N	N	A
O	D	D	■	G	L	E	N	■	E	I	L	E	R	S
W	E	■	F	A	Y	E	■	E	R	R	S	■	Y	E
■	■	S	O	B	■	R	A	Y	■	E	O	N	■	■
P	O	W	E	L	L	■	L	E	A	N	■	O	A	F
E	T	A	■	E	A	S	T	■	G	E	O	R	G	E
S	T	I	R	■	S	H	A	M	E	■	A	M	E	N
T	O	N	E	■	S	E	R	E	D	■	F	A	S	T

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FOLLOWING THROUGH ON A BIG PICTURE

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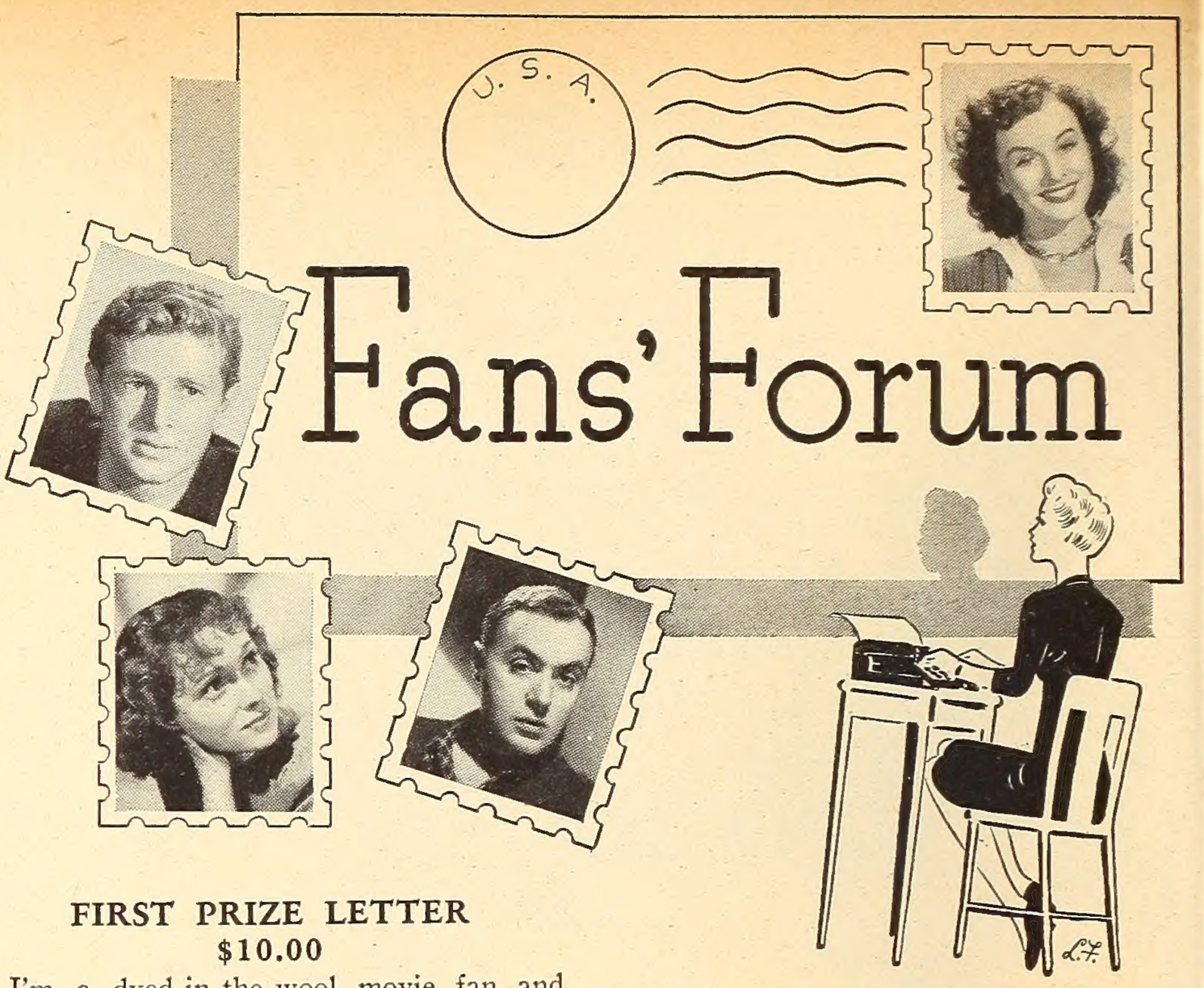
A REPUBLIC PICTURE



FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

I'm a dyed-in-the-wool movie fan and if the wind blew the ship's sails one direction and *Anna Christie's* hair another, I didn't notice, and Southern though I am, if *Scarlett O'Hara* had spoken with an English accent, as I expected, I would still have been thrilled by her, but I *do* have a peeve. The sweater ban!

Veronica Lake wears dresses cut so low she might as well wear skirts minus waists. Paulette Goddard bares her mid-riff and wears shorts so short they scarcely cover the hips. Ann Sheridan is poured into a dress that leaves little to your imagination—and yet Lana Turner can't wear a sweater (which girls have worn from way back with no bad results) which covers everything but a couple of well-placed curves that everyone has been aware of since her first screen appearance.

Do I sound immoral? Well, I'm not, and neither am I a prude. Personally, I couldn't wear any of the above styles, wouldn't if I could, but I do love to see my favorite stars so adorned. Still I would like to have my husband and my six-months son who will some day go to the movies have to use their imaginations for something. So tell the Hays office to do one of two things. Dress our darlings in long skirts, high necks, pantaloons and a dozen petticoats or restore the right to all high-school girls to wear sweaters without being self-conscious. Or is this all publicity for "The Sweater Girl"?

However, I must admit that sweaters or pantaloons or mid-riffs, I love the movies.

MRS. A. R. MUNSON, Shreveport, La.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

I read Helen Hover's article, "How to be a Draft Sweetheart," in a recent issue of SCREENLAND and found it very interesting, but I feel that one or two items should be corrected.

Miss Hover says that it is unnecessary to give soldiers writing-paper since the morale officer supplies all the stationery. If this is the case, I would certainly like to meet our morale officer and request, in behalf of our detachment, some much-needed stationery. Every bit of paper we write on has to be purchased out of our own pocket, and at a pretty good price!

I have been at Fort MacArthur, Camp Callan, and Fort Worden, and I have yet to find any stationery at our disposal. Our writing-paper is quite an item and, with the enthusiasm with which most boys would like to write, I'm afraid that it would be quite an expense for Uncle Sam.

The other item was about electric razors. It appears that some people think soldiers are always on maneuvers. We have maneuvers here sometimes for about two weeks (my department does not participate), but most of the time the boys are right in camp, where there's plenty of electric current. A great many of the boys have electric razors and twice as many wish they had them. They are a great convenience when one is too tired to use soap, razor and lotion. I think that an electric razor makes an ideal gift for a soldier because not only will he find it of great convenience, but he will have it in the years to come. I wouldn't be without mine.

Outside of these two points, I think Miss Hover wrote a very fine article and hope that every girl with a draftee boy friend reads it.

PVT. JOSEPH DI NOLFO,
Fort Worden, Wash.

If the folks at home or your buddies at camp don't care to listen to you rant and rave about the movies, don't be discouraged. Save your explosions for this Forum! They're worth money to you! SCREENLAND invites you to unload your brickbats and bouquets right here. Makes no difference if you have a complaint or a compliment—everything and anything goes—just so it has to do with the movie industry and its personalities. We'll not only listen to your comments, but we'll publish the best letters we receive and award cash prizes of $10.00, $5.00, and five prizes of $1.00 each, with which you can buy more of those Defense Stamps.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND'S FANS' FORUM, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 EACH

One Foot in Heaven! No! *Both* feet in Heaven, so far as Martha Scott is concerned! She was good as *Miss Bishop*, but she reaches celestial heights as *Mrs. Spence*, the wife of a small-town minister.

There's something about Martha Scott which makes one believe in humanity—and it's not altogether the rôle in which she is cast. Her plain, piquant, earnest little face, the serenity of her smile, the sincercity of her acting—all combine to hearten one for life in a troubled world. As *Hope Spence*, she's a symbol, representing not only the tragedy and comedy of her own full life but of all living.

ANNIE VON TUNGELIN, Tulsa, Okla.

The true test of a male star's popularity with the ladies is the degree of cattiness (tom-cattiness) motivating the comments of the men. Fans will recall how it was in the case of the late Valentino, bowler-over of women. Poor Rudy had what it took to inflame the feminine imagination, and were all the boy friends wild with jealousy! Now it's Charles Boyer, almost as tremendous a hit in his smooth French way. The milder of the men's remarks about Charles refer to his "bovine eyes." Others are unnecessarily crude and insulting. All of which adds up to the fact that Boyer hasn't only arrived, he's here. And he should be happy to hear his sex shellacking him for it merely means that all husbands and boy friends would like to have a little of his charm.

Let the tom-cats meouw. I wouldn't bother even to heave an alarm-clock at 'em, or say *Psst! Scat!* Personally all this fan cares about is when I can see another Boyer film.

E. A. LOUCKS, Vancouver, Canada.

Phooey! That's what I think. All those stories about why Stirling Hayden left Hollywood get me down. It wouldn't be so bad if they all said the same thing, but they don't. If Hollywood doesn't want to say why Stirling quit why do they bother to say anything? Maybe it was Madeleine Carroll. If it was I can't blame him at all. If he just didn't like it, more power to him for leaving. But for Pete's sake, if we can't have the truth we don't want anything.

BARBARA DICKIE, Oakland, Calif.

Gabriel Pascal has again achieved the impossible, and done so magnificently!

True, "Major Barbara" is adult and discriminating fare, and to those customers who demand action rather than philosophy, it will not appeal. For George Bernard Shaw, profound egoist, wise psychologist, and valiant that he is, has proffered here, food for our souls, rather than superficial entertainment for the hour.

It is through the lips of Robert Morley, as the munitions-maker, that most of Shaw's ironic observations and sabre-bright deductions are made, and Morley (it seems to me) is the almost too perfect medium.

Robert Newton's brilliant and dynamic impersonation of the cockney trouble maker, will not perish from our minds, while the versatility of Wendy Hiller brings us to the dust at her feet! Rex Harrison dances blithely and humorously in and out of the drama and the philosophy, while the rest of the cast give better than adequate account of themselves.

Messrs. Shaw and Pascal, we are flattered and we are grateful!

MRS. MAYO CORNELL, Cleveland, Ohio

I think some of Hollywood's romantic he-men should have their efforts serialized. Each chapter could end with a typical neck-bending scene and I, for one, would always return to see whether the lady was kissed or if perchance, her neck had been broken.

On the other hand, if I were to have my choice of all the heart-throbs in Hollywood, I'd take Bob Hope. Bob kisses a girl as if he loves her, not as if he is mad with hunger and intends to make a meal of her.

FRANCES DOWNEY, San Francisco, Calif.

"I'm in the Dog-House—the Boss has 'Fire' in his Eye!"

Ada: And you can't guess *why* you're in the dog-house, Jane? Well my pet, you're decorative to the eye, and you're a speed demon for work. But, Jane, you're guilty of one careless, unforgivable little fault!

Jane: Now don't "underarm odor" me—or friendship ceases. You know I'd rather skip breakfast than miss my morning bath!

Ada: Foolish girl—why trust your bath to last all day! Use speedy Mum under each arm—if you want to *stay* flower-fresh!

Jane: So that's why the perfect secretary is withering on the job. I *am* ashamed!

Jane: (*later*) Mum's marvelous for my speedy morning routine! 30 seconds and I'm through. And business day or gala evening, I'm free from worry—safe from offending. And the boss is smiling these days!

Mum takes just half a minute—keeps underarms fresh for hours!
Mum prevents underarm odor, without stopping perspiration.
Mum won't irritate skin—won't harm clothes. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—*A gentle, dependable deodorant is a "must" for this purpose. Try Mum this way, too.*

MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

SO MUCH HAPPIER THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS!

Continuous Action For Hours
With Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene

The young wife who is sure of certain facts can feel happily secure. In feminine hygiene her physical and mental health, her very happiness itself depend on accurate information. Over-strong solutions of acids which endanger her health are a thing of the past.

Today thousands of informed women have turned to Zonitors—the safe new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty snow-white suppositories kill germs, bacteria instantly at contact. Deodorize—not by temporary masking—but by destroying odors. Spread a greaseless protective coating to cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet! Zonitors are *safe* for delicate tissues. Powerful against germs—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. No apparatus; nothing to mix. Come 12 in a package, each sealed in individual glass bottles. Get Zonitors at your druggist today.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonite Products Corporation, Dept. 5309-A, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Zonitors

SONG HITS PAY

CAN YOU WRITE A POEM OR SONG? Original Harmony composed to your lyrics —Patriotic, Swing, Sacred. Send poem for consideration. FREE recording if accepted

Write for DeLuxe Rhymer, Free.

DE LUXE MUSIC SVC., Box 3163-S, Bridgeport, Conn.

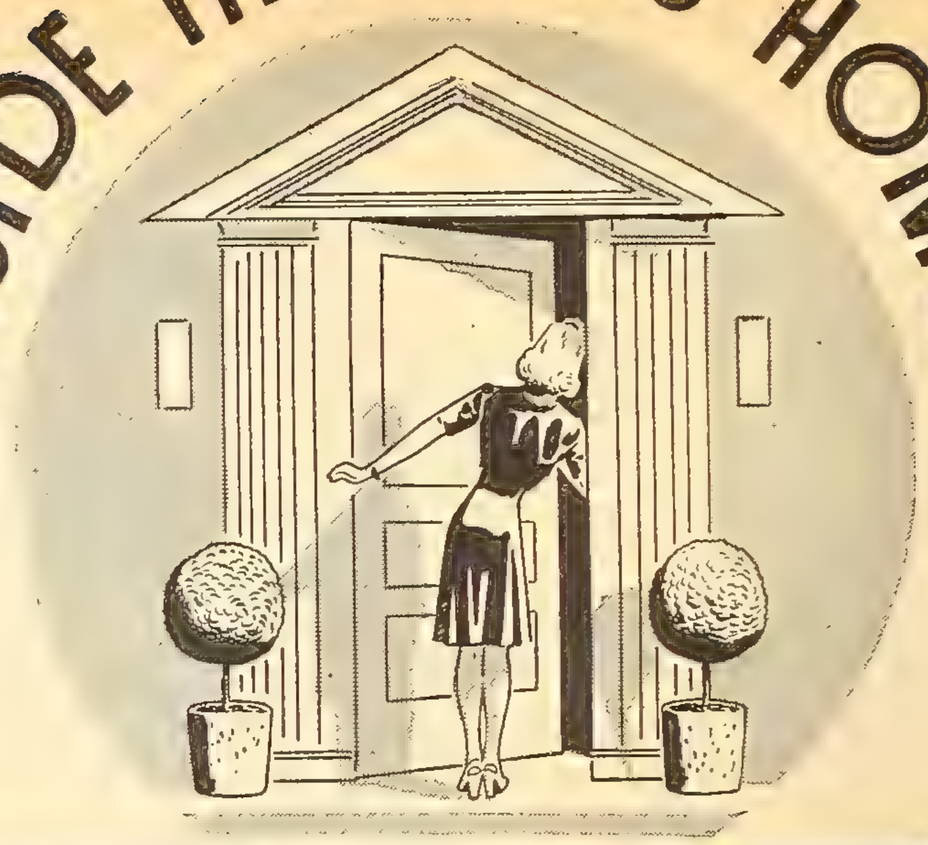
Smooth AS A PUSSY WILLOW

See how HAMPDEN'S powder base 'smooths out' your skin, makes it soft, youthful! It subtly 'tints' your complexion, helps hide blemishes, gives you that lovely 'portrait finish.'

POWDR-BASE hampden

50c also 25c & 10c sizes
Over 18 million sold

INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES



By Betty Boone

Sure and it' a St. Pat rick's part with Mau reen O'Har your hostes

Maureen left part of her heart in Ireland and even in the Hollywood whirl she remembers to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. See her collection of clay pipes on table, above. Right, Maureen, who recently became Mrs. William Price, serving her guests at her party.

TO ENSURE good luck on St. Patrick's Day, you must wear a shamrock. You and I, very likely, will have to be content with whatever we can get at the five and ten, but guests of Maureen O'Hara will have the real thing. Maureen is busily raising true shamrocks in a seed box so that each guest at her party may have one as a favor. At the moment, the seedlings are barely up, but Maureen worries over them as if they were pups.

In Ireland, according to Maureen, the 17th of March is the day of days, more festive and exciting than any other.

"We think a lot about luck in Ireland, and nobody would be without his bit of shamrock. The day before St. Patrick's Day, we go out and dig a shamrock—at home we never need go farther than our own backyard, for they grow wild there, it's like clover, only it isn't clover, it's much more beautiful! The first one up used to get the best shamrock—the best shamrock brought the best luck!"

The present slim, princess-tall colleen in royal blue, short dinner dress, auburn hair neatly arranged in pompadour curls and long bob, is nothing like the round butterball of a Maureen who hunted for shamrocks in an Irish garden. This one is an American citizen, with the Constitution of the United States framed on her wall, a movie star deserving serious attention for her work in "How Green Was My

(*Please turn to page 57*)

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

HERE'S another reason why Dorothy Lamour is rated as a number one regular. Someone on the set handed her a review in which she and her recent picture were picked to bits and shreds. Dottie read it all carefully and then handed it back. "It's *still* better than running an elevator for eleven dollars a week," she said wryly.

ALL war work and no play doesn't help the morale of any group of people. So, the "Saturday Night Club" is now in order. Membership includes movie stars and those directly connected with the industry. The public is excluded. No cameramen are allowed. At the initial gathering, Harry Crocker, popular columnist and man-about-town, was master of ceremonies. He invited everyone to come up and try the nets after a troupe of acrobats had completed their act. George Murphy and John Wayne were the first to start bouncing. Believe it or not, they were next joined by Darryl Zanuck. It was George Burns who cracked to Gracie, "Wonder why they didn't ask me?" In case you don't know your Hollywood beauty secrets, George wears a full-sized toupee, on and off the screen!

HOLLYWOOD wags are now referring to Bill Powell, George Jessel, Pat Di Cicco and Franchot Tone as the "Tennessee Mountain" boys. On account of all being the husbands of child brides! When Di Cicco recently married the seventeen-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt, her trousseau was designed and executed by Howard Greer. Since the first day he went into business, the famous designer has kept an autograph book. So he asked Gloria to sign her name. Finding the book interesting, the young heiress turned to the front page. The very first name inscribed was that of Thelma Todd! At the time of her mysterious death, the beloved actress was married to Di Cicco. Coincidence, thy name is Hollywood!

Diana Barrymore, John's daughter and Lionel's niece, who makes her screen bow in Walter Wanger's "Eagle Squadron," is the latest of the Barrymores to make a bid for film fame.

Be Lovelier! So very Soon! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

This lovely bride, Mrs. Alfred L. Powell of New York, N. Y., says: "I'm so devoted to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet! I tell all my friends about this wonderful aid to loveliness."

Start this exciting course in beauty care! It's based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

WHISPERED praises in the moonlight —"Your skin is so lovely to look at, so delightful to touch"... Every woman should hear these compliments. Do you?

If not, then the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet offers you a promise of new loveliness. For, unknowingly, you may be clouding the real beauty of your skin through improper cleansing. Or, like so many women failing to use a beauty soap as mild as it should be.

Thousands of brides have found the key to loveliness in the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. One such bride is Mrs. Powell who says: "My skin has reacted so beautifully to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet I'd never try any other beauty treatment."

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder than the 10 other famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we say "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet ... TONIGHT!"

GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

SHE'S Kissable

SHE'S Irresistible

SHE USES IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME AND LIPSTICK

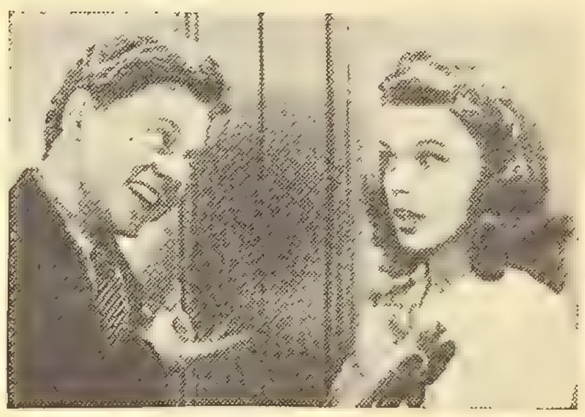
There's a tantalizing 'come-hither' note . . . a bright promise of gay adventure in the fairy-like enchantment of Irresistible Perfume. Create a magic mood by touching the golden fire of Irresistible to your hair, throat, wrist. Now in adorable Valentine Box.

Only 10¢ at all 5 & 10¢ stores

USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer . . . smoother . . . . . 10¢

Tagging the Talkies



Babes on Broadway—M-G-M

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland a at their best in this peppy musical abo talented kids who want to stage a sho but lack funds. It's chock-full of entertai ment of every kind—good comedy, catch tunes, lively dance numbers, swell impe sonations of stars of yesteryear. It has patriotic note. Mickey, mimicing Carme Miranda, is a riot. Judy's song, *Chin U Cheerio, Carry On,* is stirring. The final an elaborate, tuneful minstrel show numb

Mr. Bug Goes to Town—Paramount

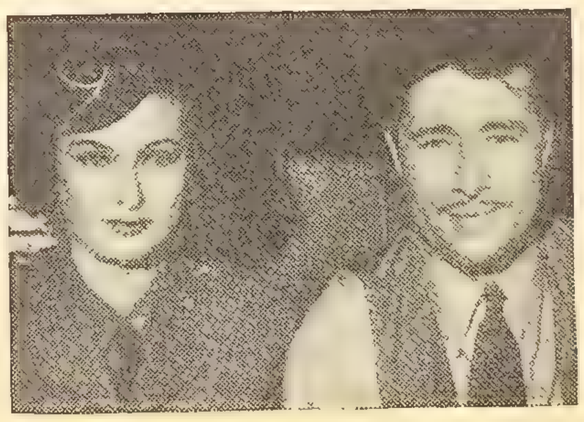
Max Fleischer's new Technicolor feature-length animated cartoon relates a delightfully imaginative tale, told from the insect's viewpoint, about the struggles of a community of insects who live in fear of the human race. The hero is *Hoppity,* a grasshopper who loves *Honey,* a bee, daughter of *Mr. Bumble.* The villains are *Mr. Beetle* and his henchmen, *Swat,* a fly, and *Smack,* a mosquito. Young and old will enjoy it. Fine job of animation and color.

Mr. and Mrs. North—M-G-M

In this comedy-murder mystery, Gracie Allen, as *Mrs. North,* solves the murder with her dizzy doings. When a dead man is found in her closet, everybody, including her husband (played by William Post, Jr., not George Burns), looks guilty. Imagine the added mystery when, with her incessant scatter-brain chattering, Gracie thinks up alibis for all their friends. Like her? Then see it, as Gracie is the whole film. Good comedy and suspense.

Among the Living—Paramount

You'll sit on the edge of the seat while this horror tale is unfolded on the screen. Albert Dekker plays a dual rôle—twins, one a maniac who escapes and commits murders for which his sane brother is almost lynched. Dekker is excellent, particularly as the madman. Susan Hayward, as the sexy, clothes-crazy *Millie,* also gives a first-rate performance. If you like shockers that chill your blood, don't miss it. Harry Carey, Frances Farmer are in cast.



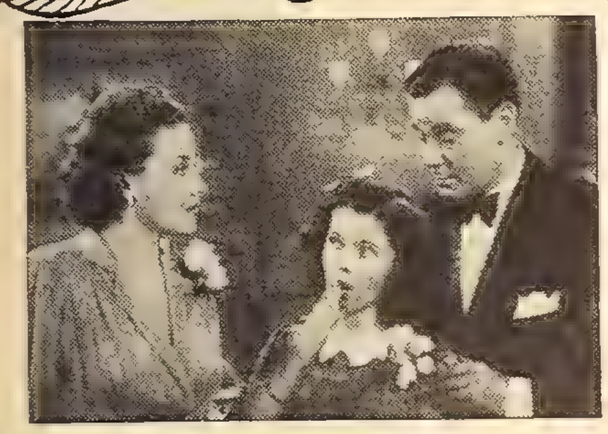
Confirm or Deny—20th Century-Fox

Typical of newspaper yarns, except that this fast-moving story takes place in war-torn London. As the Nazis are about to invade England, a ruthless foreign news correspondent, despite censorship, prepares to send a scoop on the invasion to America, but teletypist Joan Bennett convinces him that England's fate is more important than his story. Ameche, splendid. Though her rôle is not as important as his, Joan makes the most of it. Roddy McDowall, fine. Very exciting!

Tagging the Talkies

The Bugle Sounds—M-G-M

Wallace Beery dons a sergeant's uniform for his rôle of a hard-boiled cavalryman who resents orders to mechanize his unit because it means trading his horse for a tank, described by him as "machine guns on kiddy cars." The rôle suits Beery perfectly and, though it's strictly a he-man picture, it will appeal to everyone because of its timeliness. Marjorie Main, again teamed with Beery, good. Shows authentic scenes of armored divisions at Army camps.



Kathleen—M-G-M

This marks Shirley Temple's return to pictures. As the motherless *Kathleen,* who is considered a problem child because she rebels at her treatment by an unsympathetic nurse, Shirley again proves what a fine trouper she is. Herbert Marshall plays her dad who lacks paternal interest until Laraine Day, psychologist, changes things. Shirley promotes a romance between them, ousting Gail Patrick, who is fine as her dad's mercenary girl friend.

Keep 'Em Flying—Universal

Abbott and Costello have made you laugh on land and sea and now they're in the air in this lively film. Enlisted as mechanics in the Air Corps to be near their stunt-flyer pal, Dick Foran, they manage to take off in a plane which neither can pilot—a riotious sequence only topped by one in which chubby Lou rides a runaway torpedo. Martha Raye plays twins, direct opposites. Lou's in love with one, but *which* one? Gags aren't new, but funny.

Your Beauty can Smile at Wind and Cold

Do as Doctors advise: Give your skin "baby-care"

Let the World's Loveliest Complexion—baby's own—show you how to help *your* skin stay fresh and lovely whatever the weather! Give it Ivory's gentle daily care.

Advised for years by doctors, Ivory Soap today actually gives you *new mildness! Extra gentleness!* Yes, New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory gives your skin gentler care than 10 leading toilet soaps! Give *your* beauty the benefit of gentle Ivory's daily care.

99 44/100 % PURE • IT FLOATS

Follow these 4 Winter Beauty Tips

1. *Use a super-mild soap.* New Ivory is actually *milder* than 10 leading toilet soaps! And notice: *no* dyes, medication, or strong perfumes that might be irritating!

2. *Don't use* hot water on your face. It has a drying effect. *Lukewarm* Ivory "velvet suds" are best for true beauty cleansing. And *no* icy rinses, unless your skin is oily.

3. *Protect your skin* when you go out with a powder-base cream. But use it *only* on a "baby-clean" face—cleansed with baby's beauty soap—gentle Ivory!

4. *For weather-dried skins,* massage with a lukewarm lather of gentle New Ivory, using finger-tips only. Rinse. Pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream.

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care . . . use

New Velvet-suds IVORY

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

Cinema Cinderella

Ellen Drew, in pensive and animated poses—brown-haired, blue-eyed, slim, a typical example of young America. Ellen is the girl who made good in a big way. When you know her background and see her in "The Remarkable Andrew," you will understand how some beauty, plenty of stamina to take things and long, hard hours of work can bring coveted rôles, a husband and real achievement.

Ellen Drew puts some bright sign posts on the road to success for all girls. Read them, and you'll see why Ellen "ought to be in pictures"

By Courtenay Marvin

BEFORE I knew much about Ellen Drew, I said of her photographs, "She doesn't look like anybody else in Hollywood." When I met her, I said, "She really seems to have a little of all the likeable qualities of everybody in Hollywood rolled into one." In other words, she seemed a very charming compilation of good looks, glamor, personality, fun and good sense, with thirteen pictures to her credit, the latest being "The Remarkable Andrew."

I went to see Ellen early in the morning, when many a pretty curly head has reluctantly torn itself from a pillow. Not Ellen. She was an early bird, all dressed, with the exception of scuffs on her feet, and breakfasting, because we had arranged to have our talk while Ellen had a shampoo. But we lingered over coffee and got well into our subject. That was hair, occasioned by the shampoo appointment. I gathered that Ellen's cross in life is her hair, because it is fine and requires much care—and not the usual problems like romance or success or money. With the energy and intelligence of a girl like Ellen, the more sombre problems of life solve themselves thro action, but the little things like hair or nails or figure to balance the scales and put us all in the same boat problems. Since Ellen brought up her minor proble here are quick answers to hair, nails and figure, u which I will elaborate if you write to me:

When hair is fine and lacking in vitality, try one the new varieties of shampoo. Encourage strength brushing and massage. And be extra careful of the p manent method you select.

When nails break and won't grow into longer, m graceful shape, try one of the new protective agents t truly seem to add strength to nails to resist breaking are wonderful for prolonging the beauty and life o manicure.

When you are under-weight and a decided addition fats to your diet seems to increase oiliness of skin or h try, at your doctor's suggestion, the correct vitamins.

Ellen solves her problem by two weekly shampoos, she sets her hair herself. It (*Please turn to page 7*

Thrilling New Way To More Glamorous Hair . . .
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

"Sweet Sophistication"... *charming, new young hair-do. Before styling, the hair was washed with Special Drene. See how silky and smooth it looks, how beautifully it lies in place*

ımazing new improvement in Special Drene Shampoo . . . wonderful hair conditioner now in it for new allure!

Do you wish your hair had that silky, nooth, well-groomed look so smart these ays? That it would fall into place beautiılly and neatly, when you comb it?

Then you simply must try the new, imroved Special Drene Shampoo—with a wonerful hair conditioner now in it! For that air conditioner just makes the most amazing ifference—leaves hair far silkier, smoother, asier to manage, right after shampooing! ou'll be thrilled!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

es! In addition to the extra beauty benefits f that amazing hair conditioner, Special rene still reveals up to 33% more lustre han even the finest soaps or liquid soap hampoos! For Drene is not just a soap hampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, s all *soaps* do! Hair washed with Special rene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows ith glorious, natural color.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

re you bothered about removal of ugly, caly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals extra highlights, extra color brilliance . . . up to 33% more lustre!*

So to get these *extra* beauty benefits don't wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

Procter & Gamble, Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE!

All Special Drene now at your dealer's in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing

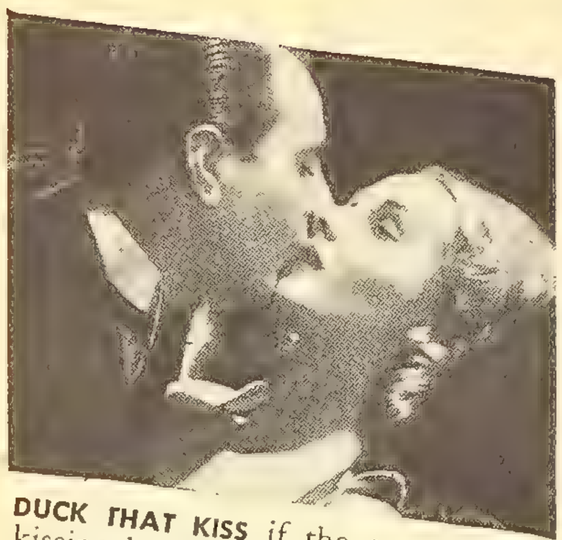
HAIR CONDITIONER

and is for *every* type of hair . . . dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene —in the blue and yellow package!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos —which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% *more lustre!*

How you can catch cold—and what to do about it



DUCK THAT KISS if the one you are kissing has a cold. Kissing is one of the surest ways of exposing yourself; bacteria may travel by direct contact.

LOOK OUT FOR SNEEZERS AND COUGHERS! Bacteria are shot into the air by coughs and sneezes and may enter your nose or mouth.

SUDDEN CHANGES OF TEMPERATURE make certain types of people more susceptible to colds. In some cases they weaken resistance so that bacteria, already present, may get the upperhand.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

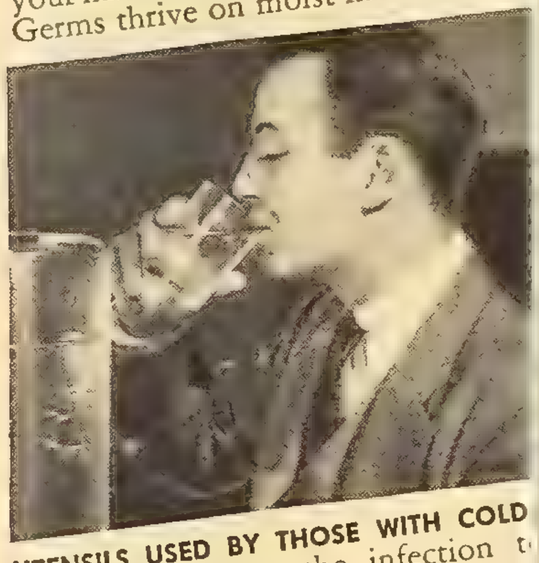
The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

BEFORE

AFTER

IN SOME PERSONS DRAFTS cause disturbances of the circulatory system and, as in the case of sudden temperature changes, may lower body resistance.

BEFORE HANDLING BABY! If you have a cold yourself or have shaken hands with someone who has, always rinse your hands with full strength Listerine. Germs thrive on moist hand surfaces.



UTENSILS USED BY THOSE WITH COLD may communicate the infection to others. Be particularly careful about children.

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD or SORE THROAT Gargle LISTERINE—QUICK!

This prompt and easy precaution, frequently repeated, may head off the trouble entirely or lessen the severity of the infection if it does develop. Carefully conducted clinical tests during the past 10 years showed these amazing results:

That regular, twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, colds of shorter duration, than non-users, and fewer sore throats due to colds in many cases.

You naturally want to know why this is so.

We believe that it is because Listerine reaches way back on the throat to kill literally millions of the threatening bacteria known to doctors as the "secondary invaders" which may set up infection when body resistance is lowered for any reason (see panel above). In the opinion of many leading medical men these "secondary invaders" are the ones that so often complicate a cold . . . make it troublesome . . . result in the distressing symptoms you know all too well.

Actual tests showed bacterial reductions on the mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle . . . up to 80% an hour after.

In view of this impressive evidence isn't it wise to keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office . . . to pack it when you travel . . . to gargle with it often and thoroughly at the first hint of trouble?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

WATCH YOUR THROAT
where illness often starts
LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT
ONLY 75¢ Batteries Included
Genuine du Pont "Lucite" Illuminator

The Editor's Page

Is "The One-Eyed Actress" A FREAK or a FINE TROUPER?

An Open Letter to VERONICA LAKE

ır right, Miss ake as she oked in "I anted ings." Now re she is as wistful waif latest Paraount film, Sullivan's Travels."

ear Miss Lake:

Excuse, please. I've had you wrong. I practically ıme right out in print and called you a Freak after eing you in "I Wanted Wings." When I reviewed the m I said: "Veronica Lake, much-publicized newmer, is the old-time screen siren for all her breathking streamlined curves."

That sounded unkind? Well, it's what I honestly ought. As a matter of fact I could have been really ruel; I could have added, I think she's amateurish, rude, and arrogant. Granted, it's her first important art—but she isn't even bothering to try to create a aaracter. She's just posing, and with one eye, at that.

Now I've seen your second picture, "Sullivan's ravels," and I take it all back. In it you play a girl ying to make the grade in Hollywood. You are as ectacular-looking as ever, but this time your looks re subordinate to your acting, simply an added atraction. You're sincerely trying to convey to us a uaint character whose sardonic sense of humor is balnced by a big heart. Somehow we sense that you, yourself, would do just what this girl did: Embark on a wacky adventure involving rubbing shoulders with smelly hoboes just because you loved a guy more than movie glory. In a way Preston Sturges' swell, down-to-earth yarn is your own story. Right after you made America Veronica-conscious you quit the studio to have a baby; became Mrs. John Detlie and forgot all about Miss Lake. I believe you'd leave the screen with never a backward glance if you thought a career menaced your right to live your own, private life. But I hope you'll make a few more pictures first because, now, I honestly believe you're not only the most striking personality to hit Hollywood in years, but a potentially fine actress, with one or two eyes.

Delight Evans

KEEP 'EM SMILING!

SIX gophers have taken over our vegetable garden, in place of our Jap gardeners," said Bob. "They do all the work the Japs did, and more besides—r free. I tell you, there are silver linings if you scrim-age round and find them!

"Why, think of what fun you can have during a lackout—you never know what you are going to catch! irst blackout we had here in Hollywood, I was in e dressingroom right next to Madeleine Carroll. So ear and yet so far! You can take it as a game of Blind fan's Buff, can't you? You used to like the game when ou were a kid, didn't you? So it's different now, is it? es, so it is. You can still *play the game,* can't you?

"Some of the characters in Hollywood, directors, tors, and such, are offering free space in their patios r those who want to get a front-row view of the air-ids, if any. That's what I call sporting. That's the uff. And speaking of blackouts: First one we had here, occurred to me that for the first time in years Dolores Mrs. Hope) and I could spend an evening by our-lves. But three relatives got in, anyway. So I gave o."

We were lunching in Bob's dressingroom on the aramount lot. Or was it Grand Central Station? The owd was something fierce. There is always a crowd ound Bob. "Hope runs with the pack," said Hope. here was Jerry Colonna, his mustache taking up most the elbow room. There was Bob's brother, (one of e six), Jack. There were the producers of Bob's radio ow. There was Bob's agent, Louis Shurr. In between hiles, Dottie Lamour dropped by, on her way to have ncheon with the Governor of Louisiana. Bing Crosby ked his head in to ask Bob how it feels to be stooge to penguin. (See "My Favorite Blonde" in which, as ope is the first to tell you, Pete e Penguin blacks him out, and od. What is more of a maneuver, ete also blacks out the incandes-nt Miss Carroll!)

They all talked at once, there in ob's dressingroom. No two talked out the same thing. Not one men-ned the war except to gag the im business which, when Hope near, seems somehow a little less im. Because:

"You've got to smile and keep m smiling," Bob was saying, "same always, only more so now. Like ving these characters around. It's ry good to have folks around you ese days, lots of 'em. It's kind of cessary. It's easier to get a laugh, d give one, if you' re not alone. oks (*Please turn to page 70*)

Bob Hope, on facing page, is leading the Hollywood grin brigade which includes such celebrated smilers as Madeleine Carroll, Claudette Colbert, Bing Crosby, Jack Benny, Dottie Lamour. On this page, Bob illustrates how *not* to behave in war-time: Don't brood over bad radio news, don't pull a panic.

BOB HOPE TELLS HOW

Black out those war jitters! Let America's Number One Funny Man remind you we must keep right on laughing out loud

By Gladys Hall

SONG OF THE ISLANDS

"Song of the Islands" copyright 1942 by Twe tieth Century-Fox Film Corporation. Fictioniz from the screenplay by Robert Ellis and Hel Logan. Complete cast and credits on Page 7

NOW more than ever I look back upo Hawaii, now when the sound of gun echoes the song of the Islands. There wer no bombs falling that day Jeff and I first cam there. It was the way it used to be, gay and happ and peaceful. The way it will be again.

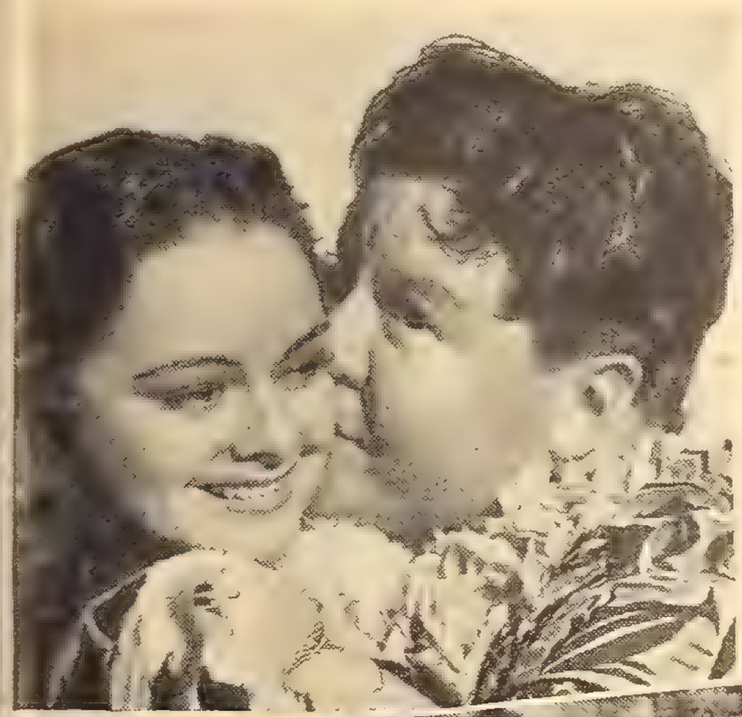
Everything anybody has ever said about thos Islands is true. Epecially the scenery! If I liv to be a hundred I'll never forget the way it looke as our sailing boat drifted into the cove. Thos curves, that motion an the color, the blue of southern sea, the gold of tropical sunset and the re of the hibiscus. She ha all of them, that girl wit her eyes the blue of f

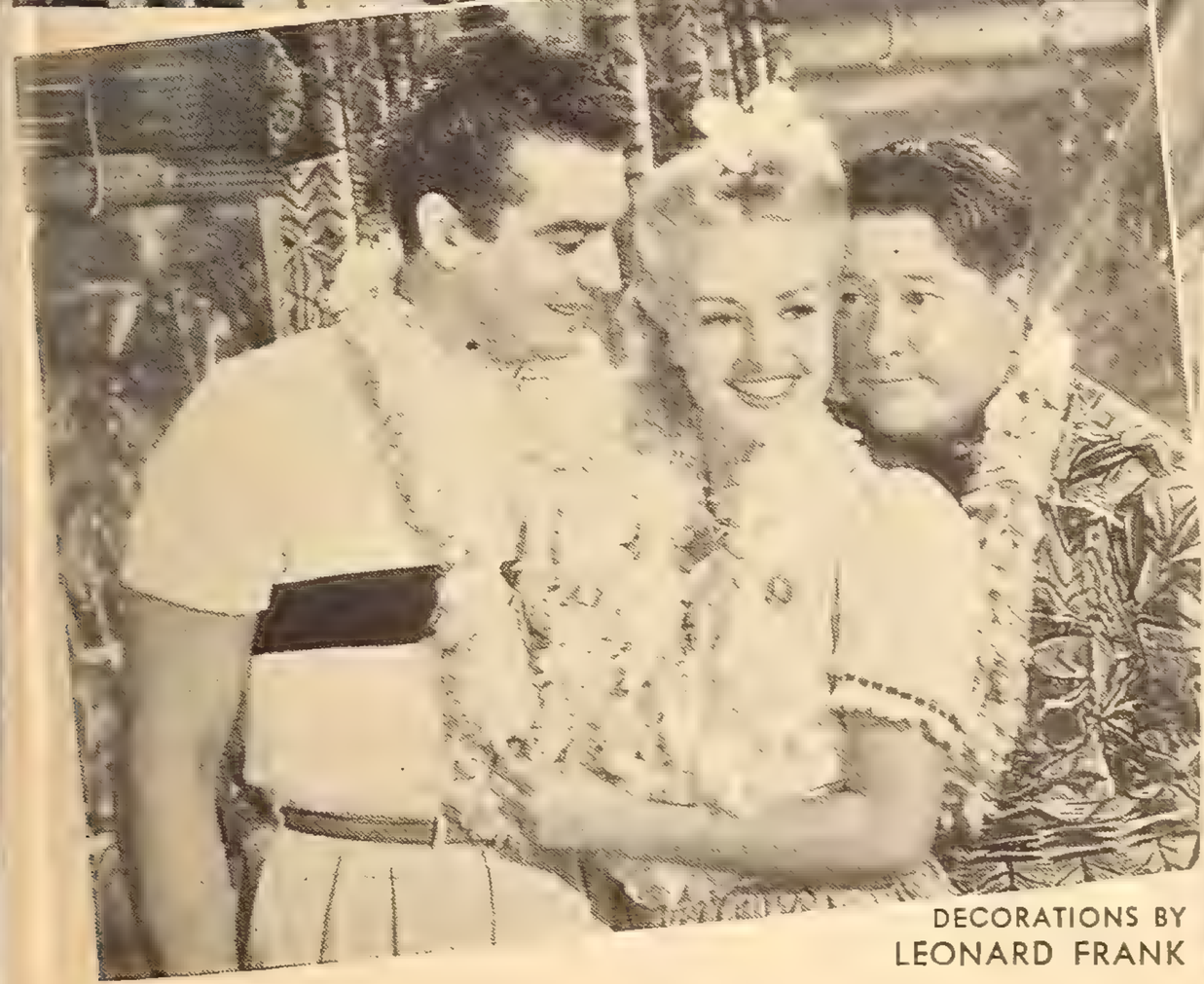
Romance by Betty Grable and Victor Mature! Comedy by Jack Oakie! Don't miss this zippy novelette

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

horizons, with her hair that looked as if a million sunbeams were dancing around in it and her mouth the color of an exotic flower ripe for the plucking.

Can you imagine me, Rusty Smith, a low-down hombre of a cattle puncher from Texas writing poetry like this? But that girl was enough to turn any man into a poet. Even Jeff, whose full name is Jefferson Harper and who happens to be the son of my boss, was writing poetry with his eyes as he looked at her. And that's something new for Jeff. What (*Please turn to page 78*)





What a cast! Betty Grable and Vic Mature; Jack Oakie and pretty Lillian Porter; Thomas Mitchell and George Barbier, in these scenes from our fictionized film.

DECORATIONS BY LEONARD FRANK

ONE dull and gloomy morning not so long ago, big George Sanders, Britain's Bundle for America, had a headache—the kind that feels as if a thousand little blue devils are wielding pickaxes inside. On that day he was working with a bevy of bathing beauts when a reporter cornered him on the set and machine-gunned questions concerning girls and their effect on the Male Animal in general and Mr. George Sanders in particular. More concerned with the effects of aspirins than with those of beauty, Mr. Sanders talked fast to get the interview over with, saying, to wit:

"Hollywood girls are *too* beautiful—so beautiful that you can't actually believe they are real! And how in the world could a person fall in love with anyone who is unbelievable?"

Harry Crocker, columnist, went off with an item for his column, and Mr. Sanders remained behind with his headache. "Since the day of that headache, I've developed many others from being taken to task for the thoughtless statement I made during that moment of weakness," he says. "It happened to be one of those mornings after too much night before, and I was in no mood to think twice before I spoke."

But before you get the idea that Sanders is going to

YOU

MARLENE DIETRICH

YOU

IDA LUPINO

YOU

DOROTHY LAMOUR

AND

YOUR LEGS

GINGER ROGERS

"YOU GIRLS are TOO Beautiful!" Says GEORGE SANDERS

By
James F. Scheer

Frank stuff addressed directly to women by the man so many of them consider the most fascinatingly sinister fellow on the screen

take back all his words, let him say: "Don't misunderstand! Much of my original statement still holds. Hollywood girls are the most beautiful in the world. There's no mistaking that. And that doesn't exclude England, where I was born; France, noted for its women; or any of Europe—with the islands of Bali and Tahiti thrown in for a good measure.

"What I'm driving at is, movie girls are unbelievably beautiful but not so unbelievable as to seem unreal, as I said while under the influence of reporter and aspirins. The part I really find unbelievable is that any man can keep from falling in love with them, if you follow me."

We follow Mr. Sanders and hope you are with us because he wants to tell us that "American women have it all over British women in all but a few respects. And I don't think I'm being disloyal to the girls over there when I try to compare them with girls over here. The first thing I noticed in this country was teeth. While in London six years ago, I thought ads in your periodicals were showing the cream of the crop to sell their dental pastes and powders. I was amazed to see so many thousands of girls with teeth as white, strong, and straight as those shown in ads. This impressed me because all my life I had been used to English girls, who until fairly recently never bothered a great deal about wearing braces to straighten their teeth or having almost invisible fillings inserted. Crooked, overlapping, and protruding teeth are common over there. "Once you've seen near perfection, how can you revert to anything else?"

Sanders lit a cigarette, sprawled himself into his favorite couch, draped his long legs over an end table, and talked slowly: "The American girl's figure can hardly be matched by those of English girls. And the Hollywood figure is the acme of perfection. If Venus de Milo had one look at Dorothy Lamour, Ginger Rogers, Marlene Dietrich, or Ida Lupino—all somewhat different examples of lovely lines—she would lock herself in a dark closet or discard all full-length mirrors," he laughed.

"Then there's the gaiety of the Hollywood girl—the verve—the joy of living, the eternal youthful spirit that makes her the world's class A. She has boundless energy and dash that women in other (*Please turn to page 62*)

KNITTING *FOR* DEFENSE

Claire Trevor is just one of the many movie stars whose slogan is, "Knit for Defense!" Because knitting gives you steady nerves and steady hands, so important in this national emergency. And because, frankly, it's fun!

— AND FOR FUN!

Every minute of this Hollywood star's spare hours away from the studio is given to Knitting for Defense. This is no time to indulge in nerves or worry, so buckle down to that sweater and scarf, and those socks, and get them finished so that some soldier boy or sailor boy will know you're for him! And don't forget to keep right on buying Defense Bonds and Stamps!

ere's more to this home defense business than just eping the home fires burning—we can help make our ys comfortable, too, by knitting warm things for em. Claire Trevor doesn't waste a precious minute— e knits while her maid brushes her hair; knits in bed fore the sandman catches up with her; knits when iting for or riding in elevators; knits while being auffeured to and from the studio. Claire is not only expert knitter, but she is just as skillful with crochet ok and sewing needle, as you can see from the tton crochet sweater blouse she crocheted for her- f, below, and the sewing kit she is making for a boy camp. See pattern for kit pinned on khaki cloth ady to be cut out, opposite page. Miss Trevor ocheted her smart knitting bag, too. SCREENLAND will happy to send you instructions for knitting or ocheting to help you Knit for Defense upon eipt of a stamped, addressed large envelope.

Photographs by Larry Gordon, posed exclusively for SCREENLAND. *Courtesy Tom Fizdale, Inc.*

BENNY with the Light

Don't get us wrong. Jack Benny hasn't a yen for Shakespeare. It's just that the script of Ernst Lubitsch's "To Be Or Not To Be" calls for him to play a ham actor. "Look at me—in blue tights of all things!" cracks the comic of whom his wife Mary Livingston says, "I worship the guy."

By

Elizabeth Wilson

"YOU certainly look pretty, Mr. Benny," Carol Lombard teased as Jack strutted in front of her o the "To Be Or Not To Be" set. "Bucket," sh screamed at her hairdresser who was always Loretta unt Mr. Gable started calling her Bucket, "don't bother t do my hair for this scene. Nobody will look at me wit Mr. Benny so pretty."

Jack was indeed a sight for weary eyes. He wo elegant (and form-fitting, girls) sky-blue tights, a dar velvet jerkin, and a handsome gold chain about his nec His head was covered with a delicately marcelled wig- so languishingly lovely that it is bound to bring fort poisonous remarks from a certain acidulous Fred Alle Jackie with the light brown hair!

"Look at me," said Jack in disgust, waving an unl cigar. "The hammiest of the hams! I guess I was the on actor in the world who had no ambition to play Hamle I was doing all right in my quiet little way. I was ve happy. And now look at me—in blue tights, of a things!"

Now don't get us wrong. Jack Benny isn't trying compete with Maurice Evans. Success hasn't gone Jack's head, he hasn't outgrown his pants, and he hasn a yen for Shakespeare. It's just that the script of Ern Lubitsch's "To Be Or Not To Be" calls for him to ena

Benny has a quiet chuckle over h new rôle in "To Be Or Not To Be which requires him to don differe disguises. See scenes below with c star Carole Lombard and, belo center, getting "the Lubitsch touch

Lubitsch Touch!

a ham actor playing "Hamlet" in the *Teatre Polski* in Warsaw, just prior to Hitler's invasion. Jack recites the famous soliloquy for laughs. And laughs there will be plenty of, you bet.

As the Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne of Poland, Jack and Carole are a riot. The gag is that Jack never gets to finish his soliloquy. At the first two performances somebody walks out on him just as he is giving his all to "To-be-or-not-to-be-that-is-the-question." Which, of course, breaks his heart. And at the third performance, just as he is beginning his soliloquy, who walks in but Hitler's invading army. That makes him boiling mad. The nerve of those drips, ruining his big scene!

"I'm getting the Lubitsch touch these days," Jack said with a grin, "and believe me, I now innuendo very slyly." Well, "touches" are certainly no novelty in Jack's life. Ever since he came out of World War I with a violin, a line of chatter, and the courage to do a single act in vaudeville Jack, who is generous to a fault, has been a favorite "touch" all the way from New York to Hollywood. But the Lubitsch touch is something else again. (As Mary Livingston would probably say on his radio program, "He likes it. It doesn't cost him anything").

"Jock is magnificent," said Director Lubitsch, who is famous for making his characters deliciously naughty, in a nice way of course. "His Homlet makes you laugh, yes?"

Anything Jack Benny does or says makes me laugh. Me, and about fifty million other fans. But his most ardent fan of all is Mary Livingston who, as everybody knows, is Mrs. Benny. And that's the way she wants it —she'd rather be Mrs. Benny than any other woman in the world. Mary says quite simply, "I worship the guy." And after fifteen years of married life! He must really be a sweet person.

I dropped in on Mary at the Benny home in Beverly Hills the other day, and without any effort at all started her talking about her favorite comedian. I learned that Mr. Benny hates pompadours. (*Please turn to page 73*)

Hi-ya, Jackson! Playing Hamlet, yet! What will Rochester say?

Bette Davis *HELPS* A Dream Come True

The heartwarming true story of a great star's friendly interest in a newcomer, with the result that Richard Travis is now rated an important "discovery" by the Hollywood which once ignored him

By Ida Zeitlin

ONCE in a lifetime the impossible happens. It happened to Dick Travis. Not long ago, Bette Davis was a shadow on the screen, representing his ideal of what an actress should be. He sat rapt through her pictures. He painted a poster of her for the local theater lobby. She was the faraway, the bright, the unattainable. If a genie had said, "Some day you'll be working with her," he'd have told him to go soak his head.

A few years later, in the fall of 1941, Bette, Travis, and the now dilapidated poster were being photographed together on the Warner lot. Bette was playing the-man-who-came-to-dinner's secretary, Travis the guy she's in love with. To be in Hollywood at all, under contract to any studio, playing in any picture, opposite any actress, would have been miracle enough. That it should be Bette's studio, Bette's picture, Bette's lead was almost more than he could soberly contemplate. He stammered something of what it felt like. She understood what it felt like. "Kind of crazy, isn't it?" she grinned.

"Insane," he agreed, meaning wonderful.

It happened through one of those series of combinations

Bette Davis says: "If Travis rockets to fame and fortune, it won't be because I mentioned his name, but because he's got the stuff to make good under his own steam." That's what *she* says. But it was Bette who spotted him and brought him to the attention of studio officials, resulting in Richard Travis being cast opposite her in "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Pictures on page opposite were snapped on the set, exclusively for our story.

which the skeptic calls accident, the believer design. At twenty Dick knew no more of Bette's existence than she of his. A heavy rainfall at the Chicago World's Fair one day drove him and his brother-in-law to a movie house for shelter. Doc, as Dick calls the kindly physician his sister married, eyed the marquee askance. Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage." For him the movies were bounded by Will Rogers on one side, and on the other by Chaplin. Still, this was doubtless pref-

erable to pneumonia. They went in. Even Doc was impressed by the girl on the screen. As for Dick, a star had risen. He had acting ambitions. He'd never seen an actress like this one—so distinctive, so honest, and so moving.

Back in Paragould, Arkansas, he watched for her pictures, culled scenes from them for his local radio program, played them with the local Davis and dreamed she was the real one, became assistant manager of the Paragould Theater, published the house organ and peppered it with stories of Bette, campaigned for her during the who-should-play-*Scarlett* fever, and still believes Selznick missed out on his best bet. When "Jezebel" came to town, the boys were all for plastering the lobby with displays. Dick had other ideas. He'd seen a photograph of Bette—a head posed by the studio—which he felt captured the essence of the whole picture. He copied it in colors, had it beautifully mounted, and hung in solitary splendor with the lights on it. The effect was terrific.

For the purpose of this story, it's enough to tell that through the kind offices of Doc who put up the money, Dick turned up in Hollywood at the end of '39, studied briefly with Josephine Dillon Gable, took a room at the Y and lived the life of every movie aspirant—plunging between the extremes of hope and despair, with less of the former and more of the latter as time moved on.

He was feeling pretty dreary one night. He'd been playing leads in a converted garage down one of Hollywood's back alleys. Nobody ever came but friends of the cast, and drunks looking for a spot to curl up and snore in. For reasons we won't go into, the author of their current offering had threatened them with a lawsuit unless they closed down. This was to be the last night for their show.

Together with the average quota of drunks, a thoroughly sober guy stumbled in that night. Thinking the garage was still a garage, he'd come round to have his car fixed, and so caught the last act. He was Sumner Lyon of the Warner casting office, he nabbed Travis backstage, told him if so-and-so could get leads, he could get six, and suggested he drop in at the casting office next morning.

So he read for Steve Trilling, the casting director, who authorized a test, then spoke the sweetest words a man in Travis's spot could hear. "You're under contract to Warners."

His first thought was for Doc and the family, his second for Bette. She was first lady and he was last contract player, *but* on the same lot. He'd probably get to see her, if only from afar. That lent his contract an intangible radiance. He almost missed her the first time. A girl stepped out of a car, and ran up the steps of the administration building, sun glinting on the fair hair that fell to her shoulders. "What beautiful hair!" he thought. Not till she turned at the door for a moment did he recognize Bette. A cup of coffee at the drugstore across the street carried him through that crisis.

Like all contract players, he was groomed, curried, and used as atmosphere. He moved through the background of "Navy Blues," rearing up out of the shadows once or twice. Then Keith Douglas, cast for "Here Comes the Cavalry," a short, was drafted. They had to shove somebody in. Travis says they picked on him because there's a horse in the story and, by a coincidence, there are also horses in Arkansas. It's as good a reason as many I've heard.

Bette had missed the preview of "The Bride Came C.O.D." and dropped in at a theater to see it. They ran "Here Comes the Cavalry" first, and here history repeated itself. As Travis had been impressed with her performance, so she was impressed with his. No, she didn't rave and it wasn't the same kind of revolutionizing experience, but she *was* sufficiently impressed to mention the young man to the front office, and suggest that they might do worse than try him out for the rôle of *Bert Jefferson* in "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

Now when they call him Bette's discovery, she gets mad. "In the first place," she says, "it makes me self-conscious. I'm no Lady Bountiful and I hate the picture of myself going round picking people out of the mob. It's a false picture and a (*Please turn to page 56*)

Gene Tierney's

By Liza

AS WE go to press, Bette Davis is just about to walk away with the Hollywood Women's Press Club's poll for the most cooperative actress. It's a cinch she'll win. She deserves to win. She must be awfully bored with winning things by now. But next year, I'll wager, she will be nosed out of first place by a young dramatic actress, who is as intelligent as she is beautiful, named Gene Tierney.

The Tierney and the Davis have one important thing in common. It isn't their acting ability. Nobody says that Bette Davis is a bad actress. Well, not out loud. And plenty of people say that Gene Tierney is a bad actress. Right out loud. (Hey, give Gene time). The one thing

HONEYMOON HOME

FIRST SCOOP PHOTOS!

The torrid Tierney you see on the screen is Hollywood's current glamor sensation. She's not at all like the Gene Cassini you'll meet here, in her cozy bride's house, photographed exclusively for our feature story

these two have in common is complete confidence in Publicists and Press. Bette has always figured that the working press and her studio publicity department know their jobs. (Contrary to the theory held by most of the glamorous and great that press agents and fan writers slither out from under rocks on pretty days just to annoy them). And Bette, as you have probably noticed, has not done badly. And now, right out of the blue, or right out of Twentieth Century-Fox to be more exact, comes Gene Tierney who figures it the same way Bette does. She should be so smart.

I first met Gene last June on the top of broiling hot Acoma Rock in the Indian country in New Mexico, where the "Sundown" company had gone on location. She had just been married the week-end before to Count Oleg Cassini, and was on her honeymoon, minus her bridegroom. She had also

just recently been made a star by Darryl Zanuck, following her excellent work in "Belle Starr," a picture that had been planned for Barbara Stanwyck. When I learned that due to a shortage of tents on the location I was to share a tent with Gene, my spirits drooped considerably.

"A new star," I growled. "She'll put on airs like a road company queen. And a new Countess, heaven help me. Remember how Gloria Swanson and Connie Bennett acted when they grabbed off titles! She'll probably let-them-eat-cake and grande dame it all over the tent. And horror of horrors—a bride. She'll be moony ad nauseam."

Now don't get me wrong, I approve of brides, some of my best friends are brides, but I think there is a definite place for them, and the place is not in a tepee

Now see Gene Tierney in her new rôle, exotic siren of the South Seas in "Son of Fury," latest Tyrone Power picture.

in the middle of the American desert with a thoroughly provoked fan writer. My spirits had sunk so low they were oozing out of the open toes of my sandals when Gene, hot and dusty, returned from the day's work on the Rock. "It's not much," she said with a friendly smile, nodding at the iron cots, the makeshift dressing table, and the leaky shower, "but we might as well call it home. Make yourself comfortable—just try!" And with the perfect grace of a charming hostess she gave me the best bed, the cleanest towels, and the first crack at the drippy shower. I always say "good family" tells—and "good family" was certainly speaking a mouthful way out in the middle of the American desert.

The next day Gene had the morning off and was supposed to pose for a special layout for me. To my dismay I saw that she had put on a little gingham house dress she had brought along with her which zippered right up to the Tierney chin and hung discouragingly far below the Tierney knees. "For the pictures today," I stammered, trying to be subtle, after all you just can't come right out with it, "it would be better if you wore something more—er—er, you know, something more—er—"

"Oh, the pictures," exclaimed Gene. "I forgot about them. I know exactly what you want. I've got a real low neck dress. Or maybe you had rather (*Please turn to page 63*)

Said to be his best "costume piece" since "Lloyds of London," Tyrone Power's new picture, "Son of Fury," presents him in a dashing, daredevil rôle—with Gene Tierney co-starring and Frances Farmer and George Sanders appearing in the cast.

POWER and PASSION!

Most torrid love scene of the screen season is this one between Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney in "Son of Fury"

ntury-Fox

PRETTY BABIES!

A. L. Whitey
Columbia

Fortunate for Baby David James, above with Dietrich, that he's so cute! Claimed best infant "discovery" since Baby Sandy, cherub was innocent cause of holding up production of Dietrich's new film, "The Lady is Willing," when the star slipped and fell doing a scene with him and suffered an injury to a shapely gam, delaying the picture at a cost of thousands of dollars. No hard feelings, though — Marlene is even sharing her closeups with li'l Davey, to the disgust of co-star MacMurray

TRACY GETS "HEP"

M-G-M photos

Yep, Tracy gets the Girl in his latest film, "The Woman of the Year"—and she's Katharine Hepburn. Terrific team co-star in timely screenplay of a brilliant woman political columnist who permits her career to interfere with her private life as Tracy's wife. Story goes that Hepburn, meeting Tracy for first time, said: "I'm afraid I'm a little tall for you, Mr. Tracy." Don't worry, Kate—there isn't an actress in or out of Hollywood whose talents can top Spencer's dramatic stature, even after "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

IT'S THE REAL THING!

When you see this love scene in "Roxie Hart," know that you will be watching honest emotion at work! For Ginger Rogers and George Montgomery won't be "acting"

Most daring rôle of her dazzling career is Ginger Rogers' latest. As *Roxie Hart* she plays a dizzy dame on trial for murder — distinct departure for the Academy Award Winner

20th Century-Fox

Enhancing the charms of Jane Wyman, this striking study is Hollywood camera art at its best

Welbourne, Warner Bros.

The photographer dramatizes the dynamic Brian Donlevy as he appears in the title rôle of "Heliotrope Harry"

HOLLYWOOD CAMERA—1942

Black Magic Fashions!

Created for Norma Shearer to wear in her new film, "We Were Dancing"

Photographs of Miss Shearer by Carpenter, M-G exclusive to SCREENLAND

Facing page, Norma Shearer is shown wearing "Manana," the name given the gown created for the star by Rahvis of London. A black Spanish shawl is draped to a fitted silhouette. The heavy silk fringe of the shawl forms a glamorous skirt line and outlines the shoulders as epaulettes. On this page, another fitted black gown, slightly shirred in front, unrelieved except for the black lace collar and cuffs, backed by white, shows Miss Shearer's new short coiffure.

PILOT'S DELIGHT is the name given this costume created for Norma Shearer by Rahvis of London for her new picture, "We Were Dancing." The revers, belt, and link buttons are heavily beaded.

MORE BLACK MAGIC: the fitted black crepe gown pictured on preceding page is shown again here, topped by its zippered white mess jacket of crepe which is exquisitely appliqued with black lace and jet.

INSIGNIA VICTORY: blue fitted sheath with red and gold bands inserted as stripes down each side of the skirt. The mess jacket of red romaine is dotted with gold braid insignias and edged with gold bands.

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY: full skirt of velvet is sapphire, bolero is ruby red embroidered in silver thread and sequins. Collar and cuffs of the white crepe peasant blouse are jeweled in the same tones.

Cary Grant

Cary Grant says he never had so much fun making a picture! So you can look forward to "Arsenic and Old Lace," Frank Capra's production of the Broadway stage hit, for laughs—and Priscilla Lane as Cary's pretty heroine

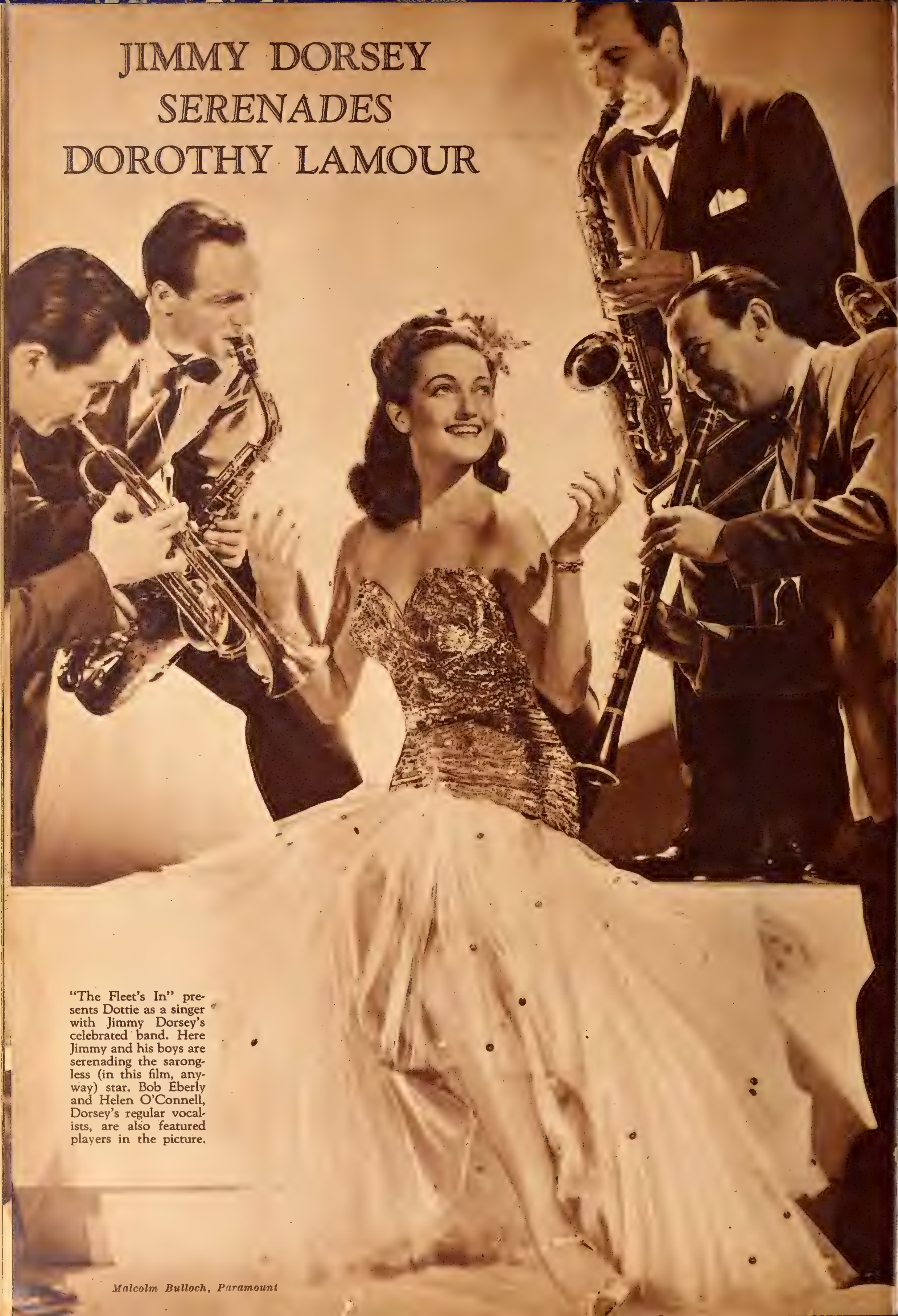
Welbourn
Warner B

And So To "TWIN BEDS"

Edward Small-United Artists

lere we have a frankly far-ical version of a comedy hich has stood the test of me — with Joan Bennett as ne giddy wife, George Brent s her husband, and Mischa auer as the "menace," it s as modern as tomorrow

JIMMY DORSEY SERENADES DOROTHY LAMOUR



"The Fleet's In" presents Dottie as a singer with Jimmy Dorsey's celebrated band. Here Jimmy and his boys are serenading the sarongless (in this film, anyway) star. Bob Eberly and Helen O'Connell, Dorsey's regular vocalists, are also featured players in the picture.

Malcolm Bulloch, Paramount

PAULETTE has PLANS for MILLAND!

Yes, Miss Goddard in her new rôle is giving Ray Milland plenty to ponder on, as she portrays a New York newspaperwoman sent to Lisbon to assist Ray, appearing as a news commentator. To add to the excitement, Paulette is suspected of being a spy. Yes, "The Lady Has Plans."

Eugene Robert Richee, Paramount

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Anne Gwynne and Dick Foran in

"RIDE 'EM, COWBOY"

(The New Abbott-Costello Picture)

ONE blackout night in London a tearing, jagged split of bomb came crashing through the roof and slugged down at their very feet. And so it was that Roddy and his sister came to Hollywood.

Not that a boy of 12 and a girl who was only a year ahead of him had anything to say about it. Mr. McDowall, as Roddy blistered his hand snatching up the hot, ugly intruder, said things were getting too close for the good of his children and that it was high time they were hurried off to a place of safety—America. His wife, sweeping up the dust of fallen plaster, stoutly agreed with him.

For that wasn't the first time their house at Herne Hill, not far from Croydon—perilous as a powder-keg because of its airport—had been hit. Not by a long shot. There were no windows left in it, and a particularly mean blast had ripped the lock clean out of the front door, so that anyone could walk right in whenever he jolly well pleased.

"Daddy got tired mending the holes in the roof," Roddy matter-of-factly told me.

Hearing this was like seeing through those holes into an English home that again and still again raiding Nazis had made the scene of attempted murder. Out of that home, by the strange fortunes of war, was to come an obscure child destined to be (*Please turn to page 60*)

Roddy and his sister, at left, find a Hollywood studio set of London ruins too realistic. They lived through many bombings before leaving their English home for safety in America. At right, Roddy in scene which made him famous from "How Green Was My Valley."

Bombed into stardom! The touching, stranger-than-fiction story of the gifted 12-year-old English boy movie actor, Roddy McDowall

By Charles Darnton

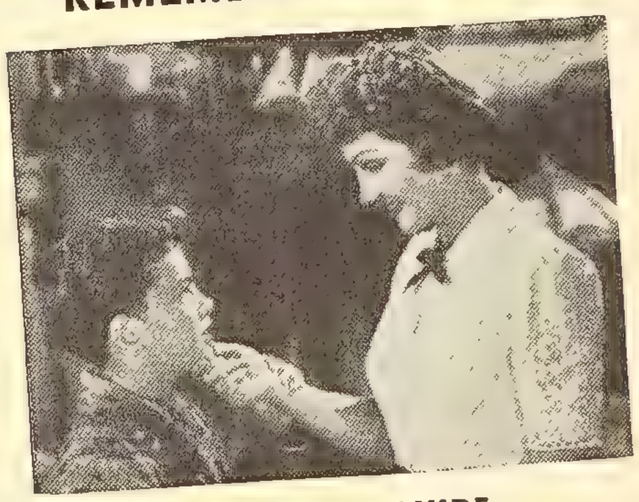
RODDY GRINS THROUGH!

Your GUIDE *at a* GLANCE

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"REMEMBER THE DAY"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
POIGNANT!

APPEAL: To those who can still remember their grade-school days—and that favorite teacher, even though she didn't look quite like Claudette Colbert.

PLOT: More romantic than "Meet Miss Bishop," this story of a small-town school teacher whose influence over a promising pupil stretches almost to the White House is singularly moving, bringing that old lump up in your throat and keeping it there even though you know that if there were school teachers *that* lovely and inspired there would be no truant problem; even though her love affair with a manual training teacher as handsome as John Payne (as a matter of fact, he *is* played by John Payne) is out of this world—even then, you can't resist its appeal. The first World War which is the villain of the plot will bring back memories to the oldsters, but I guarantee the youngsters won't be bored.

ACTING: Claudette Colbert is a surprise as the school teacher, especially after her scintillating "Skylark." She is not only completely captivating as the young teacher—you'd expect that; and convincing as a lady in love, as you know she'd be; but she is profoundly moving as the middle-aged woman who finds the reward of her years of service when her former pet pupil looms as the next President of the U. S. As the boy pupil, young Douglas Croft is exceptionally fine, and John Payne contributes more than good looks to his rôle; his is a manly and sincere portrayal. Don't miss "Remember the Day" for a good, gentle cry.

20th Century-Fox

"JOHNNY EAGER"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
PUNCHY!

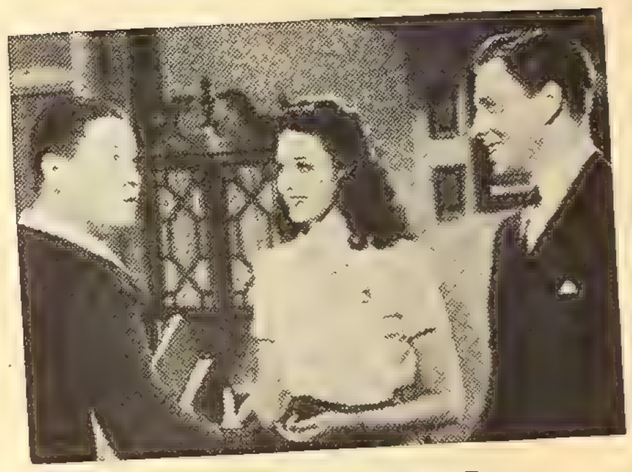
APPEAL: If you enjoy a rousing melodrama, with Robert Taylor getting rough and Lana Turner liking it—hurry to the first show, kids.

PLOT: It's plenty tough and tragic, and you wouldn't believe it at all except for Mervyn Leroy's deftly deceptive direction—it's about this deb, see, doing social service work (dressed by Adrian, my dear) who meets, sees through, but nevertheless falls for the dangerous outlaw, supposedly now a good boy on parole, *Johnny Eager*. To him she's just another dame, get it, *until* she proves her love by—but see it yourself even if you can't believe it. The gutsy gunplay, the breathless suspense, and the crashing climax will keep you sitting up straighter than usual; there isn't a slump in a screenful; certainly not when Mr. Taylor and Miss Turner are setting the celluloid on fire with their not too subtle love scenes.

ACTING: If you mean *acting*, then you mean Van Heflin's performance. As the alcoholic idealist who is *Johnny's* only friend, Heflin's is a superb if highly stylized portrayal. You will remember it, and you will watch for him in future films. If you mean fascinating, then you're thinking of luscious Lana and terrific Taylor, who provide the most striking clash of strong personalities you're apt to see in a flock of movies. Taylor's tough guy is really tough; he pulls no punches, and you're not going to think of him ever again as Beautiful Bob. As for Miss Turner, she manages to make you sorry for her in several touching scenes, and that's an achievement.

M-G-M

"RISE AND SHINE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FUNNY!

APPEAL: You have to be slightly wacky to enjoy this, since it represents Jack Oakie as a college boy—when *will* he get that diploma?—but it's worth it.

PLOT: Nothing so dull and officious as a plot is to be found here, but a very free translation of a James Thurber whimsy concerning a dumb but willing athlete whose prowess on the gridiron is counted on to save dear old Alma Mater's prestige and stuff. It's more burlesque than satire, still it's the first movie to spoof the sacred institution of college football, and you'll find it great fun, especially when it involves the erratic goings on in a professor's family, reminiscent of "You Can't Take It With You," and the complications of underworld intrigue—not to mention a rivalry for the affections of the professor's beautiful daughter, none other than Linda Darnell. In or out of season, the football game is a howl.

ACTING: It's all Oakie's picture, and if you're a fan of the big fellow you will find him at his loudest, largest, and funniest. If you're not a fan you may now change your mind, for there's less mugging and more artistry than usual in the Oakie antics here, though there's no danger that he will be stealing Boyer's subtle stuff. George Murphy is his rival for the fair Linda, with the issue hardly in doubt at any time, and Milton Berle projects his peculiar brand of comedy with such disarming candor that you're won over in spite of your very valid objections. Any comic who stands out in an Oakie picture has something. I don't know just what, though.

20th Century-Fox

to the BEST CURRENT PICTURES

Delight Evans

"BALL OF FIRE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
RACY!

APPEAL: Cooper as a dreamy college professor, Stanwyck as a night-club hipper-dipper who bewitches and bewilders him—it's in the groove.

PLOT: Refreshingly different—one picture which will outsmart the guessers who can usually write the rest of the story after the first few scenes. With never a let-down, the yarn unrolls the humorous adventures of a young professor and his seven old colleagues who are working on an encyclopedia and have progressed to the chapter on "Slang." When the unworldly intellectual starts gathering first-hand material he tangles with reality in a big way and acquires not only a working knowledge of 1942 slang but a romance with a gangster's sweetie which completes his education, at the expense of the encyclopedia. How he outwits the underworld characters and wins the gal provides a scene which for suspense and fun is the high spot of the month.

ACTING: If you had any doubts at all, this picture will convince you that Gary Cooper is the screen's Number One Actor. After the noble "Sergeant York" he takes this totally different rôle in his stride and turns in a terrific performance—with a full understanding of the humorous implications he manages to be immensely appealing, engagingly dignified. Another actor might have been ridiculous in the rôle, but on Cooper the quaintness is becoming. Stanwyck is a match for him as the hard-shelled entertainer whose armor is cracked by Cooper's naïve honesty and devotion. Her number with Gene Krupa's band is an eye-opener. Dana Andrews as the underworld king looms as an authentic "new Gable."

Samuel Goldwyn-RKO-Radio

"SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
DIFFERENT!

APPEAL: Veronica Lake's second picture—need we say more? Well, all right—it's a Preston Sturges picture, too, and with Joel McCrea.

PLOT: Weirdest concoction so far of the inimitable Sturges imagination. The writer-director has devised a story which, although it never quite attains its aims, is still the most original piece since—since the last Sturges. Take a rich young Hollywood director who wants to make pictures "with a message" instead of the box office comedies which have made him famous. To gather material he starts out as a hobo, accompanied by a stray blonde. His adventures subject him to curious and revealing experiences, finally casting him into a chain-gang where he learns the true meaning of the "message" the movies have to offer humanity. It's a strange and garbled story ranging from slapstick to tragedy, but you'll remember it.

ACTING: Joel McCrea attains full dramatic stature as the sincere Hollywood celebrity in search of something real. The boyish actor is grown up, now, and ranks next to Cooper in his ability to project the forthright and rugged, typically American character. Miss Lake also "arrives" as a trouper, after her sensational but shallow début in "I Wanted Wings." Her still-startling appearance is softened by her apparent understanding of her part, and she gives promise of becoming a truly fine actress. A sly sense of humor is a surprising thing in such a siren, but assurance that Veronica will eventually win over the ladies in her audience as she has already won the men.

Paramount

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
HILARIOUS!

APPEAL: So you saw the play? Don't worry; the play didn't have Bette Davis and Ann Sheridan, in addition to Monte Woolley. You won't be disappointed.

PLOT: From the famous stage play, and for once, or at most twice, a distinct improvement. The picture is, as advertised, twice as funny; it retains all the dialogue of the original and adds pace, piquancy, and more scintillating performances. It tears along at typhoon speed, losing laughs along the way because the customers are still guffawing over the last crack, as it records the invasion of a placid middle-western home by an international celebrity whose wit is exceeded only by his incredible rudeness. His reign of terror is punctuated by telephone calls and personal visits from the great, a crate of penguins, and complete disaster when he undertakes to play Jehovah to the entire family and his own long-suffering secretary.

ACTING: Monte Woolley enacts his famed original rôle of *Sheridan Whiteside* with all the excruciating arrogance and aplomb with which he invested it on the stage. But here, he is aided by a superb cast. Great star Bette Davis plays what is virtually a supporting rôle, that of the wise and tolerant secretary, as the swell actress she is, completely in character and never scene-stealing. Gorgeous Ann Sheridan is the unpredictable stage star who almost wrecks her romance but is prevented in the nick of time by *Banjo*, played by Jimmy Durante. Newcomer Richard Travis is a "find."

Warner Bros.

Screenland Honor Page

Hollywood's handsomest lovers are Taylor and Turner, and their first film together, "Johnny Eager," packs a real punch. Elementary, not artistic; certainly not aimed at the family trade —but for sheer excitement and sizzling love scenes it's Melodrama No. One, not to be missed

Lana Turner gets her Man and he's Robert Taylor—which means that their co-starring picture, "Johnny Eager," is the most dynamic movie of the month. What a team—torrid, honey-haired Turner, playing a débutante who can't resist the dark and ruthless appeal of Taylor, even though he's a tough hombre and she knows it. But he's her Man! M-G-M, gives us this perfectly matched pair in another menacing movie

VIRGINIA MASTERSON—lovely young daughter of one of Chicago's old families

Another Pond's Bride-to-be

SPORTS LOVERS—"Gini" and her fiancé, Donald A. Wildauer. Whenever Don can get a few hours off from his defense job, they go skiing. Gini says: "After I've been out skiing or skating, I slather on Pond's Cold Cream, and my face looks nice and soft again." *It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!*

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1. She SLATHERS Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream *thick* on her face and throat.

She says, "Then I pat like anything with quick little pats—up from my chin, over nose, cheeks, forehead, till my face feels all fresh and glowy. This helps soften and take off dirt and stale make-up. Then I tissue the cream off."

2. She "RINSES" with *lots more* Pond's Cold Cream. Tissues it off again.

"It's simply grand," she says, "the way my face feels—so baby-soft and so *clean*, every last little smitch of dirt wipes right off."

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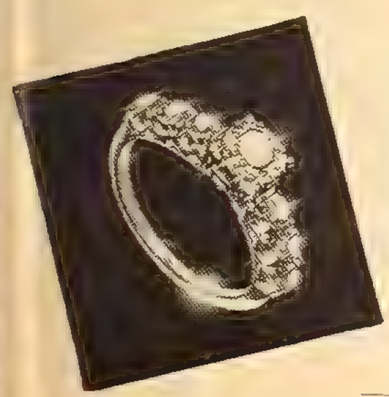
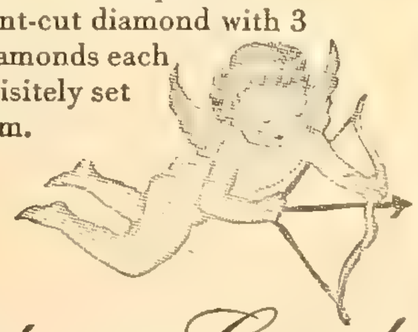


GINI'S RING is as lovely as her almond-blossom complexion. It is a brilliant-cut diamond with 3 smaller diamonds each side, exquisitely set in platinum.



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Bette Davis Helps A Dream Come True

Continued from page 31

silly one. It creates the impression that all I have to do is walk up to Hal Wallis, smile sweetly and say, I think this boy is good, won't you use him? I could think it till I was blue in the face, and a blue face is all it would get me if they hadn't reached the same conclusion, independent of me.

"Then there's the feeling people have, 'Well, of course he'll go places. I could go places too if Davis or Sheridan or Garbo gave me a push.' That's a fallacy. The easiest part of this game is getting your chance. It's from there that the headaches start. If Travis rockets to fame and fortune, it won't be because I mentioned his name, but because he's got the stuff to make good under his own steam. And *if* he's got it, he'd have come through anyway, push or no push."

That's Bette's view, and she's welcome to it. The fact remains that, like other good actors before him, Travis could have worked in a dozen pictures without being noticed. At least she's saved him time and mental anguish. At most—well, let's not annoy her by going into that.

Travis, who'd left the Y and moved into an apartment with a couple of friends, was at home minding his own business one night when the phone rang. William Keighley, the director, wanted to see him next morning. Keighley handed him two scenes and asked if he could learn them for a test Monday morning. "It's the part opposite Bette Davis," he said. Travis looked from the script to the man and back to the script. He moistened his lips. "Opposite Bette Davis," he repeated carefully.

This is only a test, of course, he kept reminding himself for the next forty-eight hours, when his head threatened to leave his neck and go floating off to parts unknown. For the test Brenda Marshall played the Davis rôle. Next morning Travis bumped into the publicity chief who had a newspaper man in tow. The P. C. introduced them. "Here's the guy who's going to play opposite Davis." So now he knew.

His first meeting with Bette came several days later. Someone decided that there was a press story in the Paragould poster, so the home town boys obligingly dug up the pieces from the theater basement, stuck them together and sent them on. Travis was summoned to have publicity stills taken with Bette and the wreck of his labor of love. She drove her car round a corner, leaned out, called hello, parked, shook hands, said she'd seen his tests and thought they were swell, kept up a running commentary on this and that while the pictures were being shot.

He managed an occasional monosyllable. His state of mind may best be summed up in the fact that he couldn't find his way home that night. Reaching his apartment, he was told by the landlady that he didn't live there any more. Which recalled dimly to mind something the boys had said about moving today. Could she tell him where he did live? No, except that it was somewhere on Hollywood Boulevard. He cruised up and down, beating on alternate doors and asking whether any strange characters had turned up. After some hours of this, he spotted a familiar car parked in front of a house, went in, failed to raise the boys or the landlady, peered through windows, picked an apartment by the process of elimination, stuck a wire through the screen, climbed in and fell into the slumber of emotional exhaustion.

He says if it hadn't been for Bette, he'd probably have been thrown off the set. She says, stuff and nonsense. The record speaks for itself.

She asked him to have lunch with her the first day. "And talked to me," he says, "not like an expert to a stupe, but like one equal to another."

Something else happened that day which touched her. Before each take Dick would thrust his hand into his pocket. She asked him why. Rather sheepishly he pulled out a card, bearing on one side the number 11. "My lucky number," he explained. "It was on my football jersey and my track sweater. Then he turned it over. On the other side, he'd written Mom.

"Silly for a grown man but—I kind of like to touch it for luck." If for nothing else, Bette would have liked him for that.

She encouraged him, kidded him, bolstered his spirits. When he fumbled in clasping a bracelet on her arm, she'd murmur, "How many girls in Arkansas have you done that to?" When he groaned at his own ineptitude before the cameras,

Jon Hall and Peggy Drake have the romantic leads in "The Tuttles of Tahiti," South Seas picture starring Charles Laughton.

she'd rattle off tales of the horrible blunders she'd made. Between set-ups, she played cribbage with him to relax them both.

Preoccupied one day, she kept to her dressing room. Next day someone told her he'd gone home in utter dejection, convinced he'd done something to make her sore. After that, though she might feel like hell herself, she was careful to give him her biggest, broadest grin.

What really horrified him was the number of takes required for some of his scenes. "You could probably murder me—"

"Why?"

"For butchering this up."

"Now you listen to me," said Miss Davis firmly. "Every newcomer to this business thinks it's a crime when they don't get a scene the first time. Moreover, I know what's been bothering you—if Davis and Woolley can get it, why can't I? Well, first of all, my part's disgustingly easy, and Woolley's been playing this horrible man so long that he knows the lines backward. Every member of this cast has had more experience than you. And even if all that weren't so, nine takes don't matter. For Wyler—" with a touch of grimness—"I did forty. All that matters is what comes out on the screen. They may be cursing you now, but on opening night, if the picture's good, they'll forget you were ever anything but their fairhaired darling."

On other occasions she applied the balm of laughter. He'd committed the unforgivable studio sin—come late to the set. When the directorial thunder died down, he looked around for a hole to crawl into. Bette crooked a conspirator's finger, and he slunk over.

"What happened?"

"Well, it seems he had a bad cold and a friend had prescribed Russian food as a tonic, and the food was heavy, so between the two he felt lousy, and he took some sleeping pills and he overslept—

"Don't you have an alarm clock?"

"Not exactly. You see, I live with another guy and it's his alarm clock—"

Which rocked Bette on her heels. Which pierced Dick's gloom with the sense that maybe he was still fit for human society.

Bette refuses to be a prophet. "I'm not going out on a limb with predictions about his future. There are too many factors involved. A career isn't wholly up to the individual. The studio can make it or break it. For the next year or two, a lot is going to depend on the kind of parts he gets and the kind of directors he works with. As for the boy himself, I think he has a swell personality, I think he's enormously attractive to girls, he's got enthusiasm, grit, and a nice ease, a natural quality which will help him over the hurdles. I think the greatest thing in his favor is that he's not actory-looking—that way he reminds me of Cooper and McCrea—and the screen has a terrific need for boys you don't just look at and say, he's an actor.

"Then he's got something else which seems to me vitally important in this business, and that's stability. Out here women spoil attractive young men, and attractive young men get delusions of grandeur. I believe Bill has the best kind of insurance against that in his background and training. He comes of a normal average family who love one another, and he wants to make good for their sake as well as his own. I can understand being completely thrown by the Hollywood set-up, unless you have something like that behind you. Certain values, oldfashioned or not, the word doesn't scare me—like loving your mother and having a feeling about God whatever you choose to call Him, and believing in truth and sticking up for your principles and not giving a hoot if you're called naïve. Bill's been brought up that way—it's so much a part of him, he can never lose it—and I'll risk this one prediction—if he doesn't succeed, it won't be because he couldn't keep his head."

If you're wondering why she calls him Bill, it's because the only thing she doesn't like about him is the name the studio stuck him with. His real name is William Justice. "Such a strong name," mourns Bette. "The other sounds exactly what it is—something they pull out of a hat and pin on an actor." She recalls with a giggle that they wanted her to change her name. "You can't go out to Hollywood," they told her, "with a plain little silly name like Bette Davis."

"Maybe it stinks," she agreed sweetly. "But it's mine, and I keep it." She wishes Bill had kept his.

There's nothing about her Bill doesn't like. When the picture was finished, I went to her florist and asked what her favorite flower was. Yellow roses, they told him. "Look," he said, "I'm a dope about such things. Do me a favor. Fix up some yellow roses and green stuff and whatever else it needs to make it the best, because it's going to the best."

Into the box he tucked a note, which we won't quote because it's his own business. We'll just sneak out one line.

"Before I met you, I thought you were tops. Now I know it."

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CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 12

Valley," but her heart, I think, will always have a soft spot for Ireland.

"There is always church on the Day," she remembered, "and a fine parade in the morning, with all the soldiers out in gorgeous uniforms. Nobody goes to work, everybody is out to watch or take part. We had a beautiful time! Sometimes we had dinner in the evening, sometimes it would be evening parties with buffet, sometimes high tea with games and dancing. But there was a sort of 'feel' in the air, the excitement of the happy Christmas season when you are little, only more so."

A true colleen, Maureen looks forward to March 17! Above, in her Hollywood home where she gave her first party, an Irish "high tea," on St. Patrick's Day.

Maureen hasn't had a party since she came to Hollywood, so she's going to "start off easily" with an Irish high tea for the "Day."

"At home we always have cold sliced meat, salad, small sandwiches, cakes, cookies and fruit-cake. And tea—plenty of good, hot tea! I'll serve the same, except that we'll have one good hot dish. Any dish you've never tasted before, you wish on."

Maureen adores all small superstitions, anything you can wish on, anything that brings luck. She wouldn't dream of picking up a glove if she dropped it—someone else must do that. (What do you do if you're alone when it happens? Just walk on and

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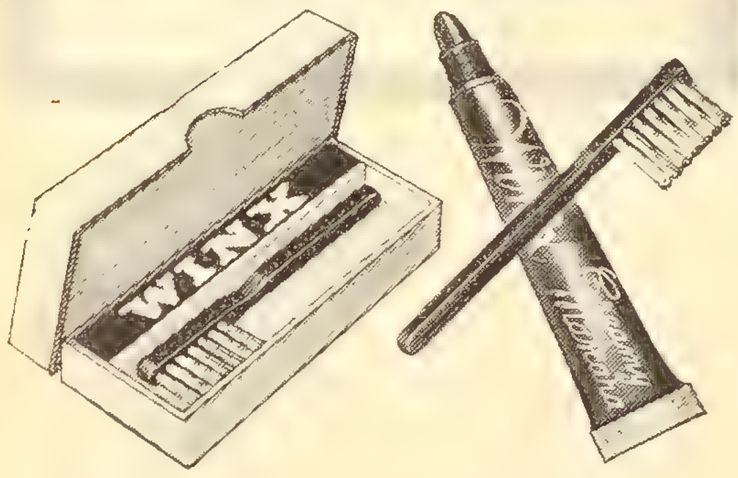

give up the glove?) If she spills salt, she throws a pinch of it over her left shoulder so as to avoid bad luck. She counts the number of times it takes to blow out a candle—that's how long before your wish will come true.

"I'm going to use my new china for the first time," she planned, eagerly. "It's hand-painted, Dresden china, and although I have three sizes of plates (a dozen of each), cups, saucers, soup bowls, platters, tea service, no two flowers or scenes or figures are alike. I got my set at an auction and paid a hundred and fifty dollars for it, but before they delivered it, I was offered two hundred dollars more for it, and now—just imagine!—I find it's worth a thousand dollars. I do love a bargain!"

Also about to be used at a party for the first time is Maureen's chest of silver. "But I have no apostle spoons," she mourned. "Every Irish bride starts out with twelve apostle spoons, each one having a figure of an apostle on its handle. At a high tea, you put a spoon in each saucer. But you can't get them over here." (Maureen became the bride of Will Price on December 29th).

Maureen intends to play the games they play in Ireland, which she insists are not very different from the ones we play here, except that the Irish love to rib each other. Forfeits are always brought in somewhere, and Maureen remembers once having to run down to the corner store in her bare feet to buy something to bring back to the party, to prove she had gone.

"*Boots Without Shoes* was a favorite game at home," said Maureen. "All those who didn't know the game would be sent from the room, then called back one at a time. When one came in, we'd say: 'Do as I do and then say what I tell you to say.' Whoever was leader would then go through all sorts of contortions, the more absurd the better; if the victim is a he-man type he's asked to do all sorts of ballet movements, for instance; finally the leader would say: 'Now say *boots without shoes.*' The victim would repeat the words. 'No!' we'd all shriek. Again the whole rigamarole would be gone through, the victim bewildered but game, and on until he woke up to the fact that he was supposed to say just 'boots.'"

If Maureen's guests chance to read this, they needn't suppose they'll get off because they now know this game—she has much worse ones in reserve!

Maureen likes to serve cold ham for high tea, or cold tongue, salami, pressed chicken and the like, never cold beef or roast of any kind. In salads, she always serves hard-boiled eggs, sliced. Green salad with eggs is her own favorite, but not long ago she came across an interesting new one.

FROU-FROU SALAD

Cover cold salad plates with equal parts of shredded chicory and white lettuce hearts, cover these with equal parts of tender white celery and boiled beets cut in match-shaped strips and chopped hard-boiled egg whites. Pour over all a French dressing (Kraft's).

"In Ireland we make quite a 'do' over bread. It's delicious, bread is. We have brown bread made with buttermilk, sometimes the wheat is so fresh from the field we say the bread is almost green. Then there's soda bread, and good oat bread. Hot from the oven, it's heavenly! Not so good for the digestion, maybe. But here flour is so refined that all the good is taken from it. How I wish I could meet a miller! I'd haunt his mill until he let me have a sack of flour before he got it refined, and then what a bread feast I'd have!

"As it is, we use whole wheat bread for sandwiches and Honey and I—" (Honey is Maureen's secretary-companion, last name

Basil Rathbone co-stars with Elizabeth Bergner in "Paris Calling," the noted Continental star's first American-made film.

O'Neill—can she be Irish, too?)—"think of all sorts of fillings. My maid has ideas, too, and the things we can do with cheese, colored and plain, dabs of pimiento, olive, fish flakes, and so on! Slices of crisp onion can be used effectively, but usually not for a party.

"I'm fond of short-bread, and think we have an excellent recipe":

SCOTCH SHORT-BREAD

½ cup butter
¼ cup sugar
1 cup whole wheat pastry flour
Lemon
Salt

Cream until very light, butter, sugar, salt and lemon; then work in sifted flour. Care should be taken to work in flour thoroughly as this makes a very heavy crumbly paste. Then roll in round pieces about ½ inch thick and crimp the same as edges of pies. Paper bottom of pan and bake in slow oven about 15 minutes.

Florentines are not Irish cakes, but Maureen thinks them rather like an Irish delicacy and is eager to try them on her guests.

FLORENTINES

Sift 2 cups Swansdown flour with ¼ teaspoon salt and rub into ½ cup butter; mix to a smooth paste with 1 or 2 tablespoons cream; roll out, fold in 3 and set in ice-box until cold. Roll out, cut in diamond shapes, place on baking sheets, prick with a fork and bake in a hot oven. Cover with stiff fruit jam and cover jam with stiff meringue made with stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs and 7 tablespoons sugar; flavor with Burnett's almond extract, sprinkle with chopped almonds and brown in slow oven. Serve cold.

Irish dishes that Maureen misses are yellow turnips, mashed, gooseberry pie, and real Irish stew.

"Real Irish stew should be eaten with a spoon," she confided. "You take lap of mutton—that's the part just below the breast, I don't know what it's called here—cut it up and simmer it with potatoes and onions for two hours until the vegetables are completely dissolved. Then it's *really* something!"

Where the Irish excel, Maureen thinks, is in using up leftovers.

"When you have potatoes and vegetables left over, you can make a tasty meal by buying a pound of stewing steak—that's

enough for four—cut it in cubes, put in a pot with sliced onion and cover with two inches of water. Simmer 1½ hours. Then take your leftover vegetables, say, they are potatoes, carrots, and beans, mash them with butter and milk, put in a casserole and pour the meat stew over them. Cover with a pie crust.

"To hold up the crust, put an egg cup there in the center of your casserole. We use an egg cup for deep-dish apple pie, too.

"I know two marvelous ways to use leftover beef. First, you mince the beef, mix with bread-crumbs, chopped onions, and two or three eggs well-beaten. The eggs moisten the mixture. Now you make patties, flour them and fry them in Crisco or Wesson's Oil, whichever you use, and when crisp, serve hot.

"My second way with beef is to mince it, then boil potatoes and whip them up with butter and milk. First place a layer of potato, then one of meat, then potato, in a casserole, and bake 20 minutes until brown. We call this Shepherd's Pie."

Maureen's favorite dessert is rhubarb pie, made in a deep dish with a good crust. But she finds herself alone in this taste.

"Roly-poly is a grand dessert," she informed me. "You make a suet crust with suet, salt, sugar, flour and water; line a deep dish, fill it with apples as for pie, cover with suet crust, then with buttered paper. Now tie over the dish a pudding cloth of coarse material. We tie the cloth, then put in a spoonful of flour and tie it again; this makes it water-tight. Immerse the bowl up to its string in water and boil an hour. Serve with yellow custard."

Although she's Irish, Maureen lives in a Spanish house, white with a red roof, set high on a dead end street above Beverly Hills. There's a great field of scarlet poinsettias below her place and still farther below the lights of the city make a far-flung orchard of lights at night. There's a back garden, too, so heavily enclosed that nude sunbathing could be engaged in with never a wary look-around. So far as I know, Maureen hasn't tried it yet.

There are rafters in the living room, a grand open fireplace usually merrily crackling with a good blaze, a piano spread with Irish music, and comfortable, lived-in-looking furniture in soft greens and tans.

The dining room's chief treasure is the china closet full of Dresden, and the silver chest. The kitchen is stocked with more kinds of eatables than I had ever heard of; three ice-boxes, not to mention a grind-it-yourself ice-cream freezer. For a girl who hardly knew her way over a kitchen threshold ten months ago, Maureen is amazingly at home there, directing her maid in the making of meat pies, the mixing of salad dressings, the icing of Irish cakes.

"Once you set your mind to a thing, you can do it," she asserted. Then she laughed. "Unless it's hair," she qualified. "I'm in two minds about that. You see, I was born Maureen Fitzsimmons, with curly hair. Charles Laughton changed the Fitzsimmons to O'Hara and now the studio is trying to straighten out the curl from the back of the hair. It's Fitzsimmons' hair, true auburn with an obstinate curl, and it won't behave. I have to be at the studio at 6:30 every morning so they can work on it; if I had ordinary hair I needn't get there till seven!"

Names fascinate Maureen. Her mother had a sister, Florence Lilburn, and she wishes her name had been Lilburn. But the nicest name of all was her grandmother's —Tormay. "Tormay is a family name, the oldest in Ireland, but isn't it nice for a girl? You can imagine Tormay as a romantic heroine," she sighed.

As a romantic heroine, Maureen O'Hara does all right, too.

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The Modess Tampons

Roddy Grins Through!

Continued from page 51

known in a country that still was a strange land to him as the most gifted boy-actor of today. For that, no less, is what his truly fine performance of *Huw* in "How Green Was My Valley" now has made Roddy McDowall.

Yet all that this four-foot-eleven, ninety-pound bundle of talent had to say to that was, "First I had a nice tiny little scrap in 'Man Hunt,' but *Huw* is a splendid part."

Quite unspoiled, Roddy gave no credit to himself, only to the rôle that was to make him a star in "On the Sunny Side." Nor did money seem to interest him in the least, though Hollywood, which talks even more than money itself, was saying his salary would be $2,000 a week.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "I'll be a hundred and five when I'm earning two thousand a week! And Virginia will be a hundred and six, because, you see, we always share and share alike."

With this went a smile. And, aside from his acting, Roddy's smile is the most remarkable thing about him. Vividly it lights his pale, sensitive face like a sunbeam and brings a dancing sparkle into his keen eyes, darting through an occasional fall of darkish hair.

"But maybe," he hoped, "I'll be able to help Daddy put a new roof on our house. That is, when there's no more bombing of London."

It was easy enough to think of his having been bombed into stardom. But, as we talked of the rain of destruction he had come through, I was wholly unprepared for something that followed, something that brought out the real boy in Roddy as nothing else could have done. Digging into the pockets of his tweed jacket, he proudly showed me a bomb fragment and a piece of shrapnel! These grim keepsakes he evidently lugged about with him daily, just as an American boy stuffs horse-chestnuts into his jeans.

For his "interview," as he solemnly called it, Roddy had perched himself dutifully on a wall-bench in an office at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios. He was sitting bolt upright, with his knickerbockered-legs straight out in front of him. It struck me that his stiff position wasn't the most comfortable in the world for a boy, and after a while I detected a slight wriggle, most polite, though unmistakably a wriggle, so I suggested he might like to get down and limber up.

"Thank you," he gratefully beamed, "I *should* like it very much," and he was on his feet in a single leap.

Through the door at that moment edged a fair-haired, slender girl, rather quiet or merely shy, perhaps a bit of both. Roddy caught her hand and eagerly brought her forward, with: "My sister, Virginia."

As the two children stood fondly together, I noticed that the girl was a full head taller than her brother.

"I'm so sorry—for Virginia, I mean," said Roddy, following my eye. "We were exactly the same size when we came to Hollywood, and so Virginia was chosen to play *Ceinwen* in 'How Green Was My Valley.' Then the production of the picture was postponed for six months, and during that time Virginia grew three and a half inches—imagine that! It's such a pity, for she grew herself right out of the part. And I think she's very good. But, anyway, we always divide what we make, so she has half of my salary."

"I also outgrew twenty dresses I brought over for pictures," added Virginia, taking the inevitably feminine angle. "They don't fit now and they can't be lengthened. But," brightening, "I'm very happy about it, because I like American clothes better. Of course, it was absurd of me to grow the way I did."

On the other hand, it seemed to me that she, not to mention her brother, might well have been scared out of a year's growth by crossing death-haunted waters.

"I was scared stiff in London," confessed Virginia. "But on the ship I was so seasick that I was too busy to be frightened. Anyway, it might have been far worse for both of us. When war was declared, an agent hoped to sell Roddy for American pictures, and I was to go along, as we have always been together in our work since we were five and six. If that arrangement had gone through, we both would have been on the Athenia." She shuddered at the thought of the helpless little ones who had been plunged into eternity when that brave craft on its errand of mercy was struck a mortal blow. "Roddy was too interested in what was going on, both in London and at sea, to be afraid."

"Of course, I knew it was dangerous," granted Roddy, "but I didn't worry much. At home mattresses were a protection from splinters, unless there happened to be a direct hit. Before leaving London we hadn't been to bed for seven weeks. We just dragged mattresses into an old cupboard under the stairs in the back hall, and all of us managed to sleep there fairly well. You know, you can do almost anything if you only set your mind to it. We really weren't actually uncomfortable, at least on reasonably quiet nights. All that time Virginia and I still were in English pictures and making daily trips to studios. One day when we were returning from fittings in a train going from Oxford Circus to the Elephant and Castle all passengers were called out at Piccadilly. But it wasn't a very good air raid."

"By a 'good' air raid," duly explained Virginia, "Roddy means a bad one."

"For that matter," he insisted, "we had a lot better ones right at home. At a studio we'd stop work and go into a shelter, and that was a nuisance, just dull."

"A bit stuffy," amended Virginia. "Roddy always wanted to be outdoors when a raid was on so that he could watch it, and Daddy had an awful time getting him in off the street."

"It was exciting to watch," glowed her brother, "and I didn't want to miss anything. You only get something like that once in a lifetime."

"That's often enough for me," Virginia was content to say.

But even this was said with a smile, as though it were her little joke. The calm way in which those two youngsters talked of life-and-death matters revealed to me, as nothing else could have done, the British attitude generally toward the gigantic struggle it is making. Still, it seemed they must have been filled with dread at facing the perilous voyage they had made.

"We got away at a rather exciting time," was Roddy's only admission. "There had been four hours of raid the day before we left, and our house was hit by a lot of two-inch shrapnel. Then, on the morning we started for Liverpool, there was another raid at Euston. Things at the railroad station were pretty lively. That made getting off by train an awful nuisance. Oddly enough, we arrived at Liverpool in the midst of a raid. We had to wait there a week, and for five days while we were at the hotel there was a raid with every meal. Kept always on the buffet was a large card, and when anything happened it would be

turned over with its lettered side reading, 'Air Raid Now in Progress.' That meant you had to stay right where you were—in the dining room."

"And that meant more ice cream for me," interrupted Virginia. "One day I had three dishes. My appetite was good, so I was happy to stay there. And when I went out into the streets I was very interested in the signs I saw. One, on a partly blasted place, read, 'Shop More Open Than Usual,' while another said, 'We May be Shuttered, but We're Not Shut.' I thought them very funny."

Both even boarded the boat without fear except for the father they were leaving behind. With bombings still going on, the ship lay at anchor for two days. One bomb exploded only fifty yards away.

"That gave me a great thrill," said Roddy.

"It was impossible to keep him off the deck," said Virginia, reprovingly.

"Well," argued her brother, "that was the only place where one could see things. One day, through glasses, after we'd got under way, I saw some porpoises—at any rate, that's what I thought they were. But they weren't really. They turned out to be submarines. Wasn't that a funny mistake to make?"

By that time, it developed, Virginia had taken to her berth, sick. "We had twenty-four hours of bad storm after getting out of the submarine zone, where we'd been for three days," she reported. "I slept through most of it."

"Virginia was in the top bunk," related Roddy, "and one night of the storm she popped out like a shot and came down like the stick of a rocket. It was a bit of luck that I just managed to catch her. They wanted her to recite at the ship's concert, but she didn't feel up to it. I was terribly sorry, because she was given a medal at school for reciting Shakespeare."

"So were you," his sister reminded him.

When I asked whether he had recited at the concert, Roddy said he had given "The Sea is His." At the incidental auction of unknown quantities he won a bottle of whiskey. "Of all things!" he marveled. When I wondered what he had done with his prize-package he replied, "I gave it to a sailor."

H. G. Wells was one of the passengers, and Roddy met him on the deck.

"Did Wells talk with you?" I inquired.

"He said," quoted Roddy, "'Hello, where are you going?'"

"Not exactly chatty, eh?" I remarked.

Again that flashing smile, then a laugh that bespoke a full-grown sense of humor. It was equalled only by his courage. Here was a boy, I concluded, who throughout his entire eventful journey to Hollywood had been absolutely unafraid.

"Oh, no," he hastened to say. "I was afraid of New York."

"Its size?"

"No, its lights. They seemed so dangerous. I suppose that was because they would have been in London. We'd had blackouts so long that now lights terrified me. I sort of wanted to go and put them out. They made me feel uncomfortable. And without lights, you see the stars much better."

I couldn't help feeling that the poet in this boy was speaking. But when I asked what he liked best of all in America he said, "Laurel and Hardy."

"And you?" I inquired of his sister.

"Chocolate milk sodas," promptly answered Virginia.

I wished her a good part so that she would be able to buy herself many sodas.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," Roddy assured me. "You know, we always share and share alike."

In token of which those devoted youngsters walked off hand-in-hand.

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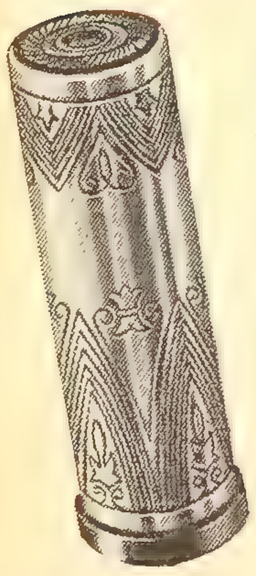

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"You Girls Are Too Beautiful!" says George Sanders

Continued from page 25

parts of the world lose at a much earlier age. English and Continental girls take themselves more seriously. They develop a womanly reserve and a dignity of carriage that ends youthful vivacity and charm.

"The American girl is frank—but not brutally so. The Continental girl cannot bring herself to call a spade a spade. She is more inhibited," he explained.

"Sport clothing that permits the body to move and breathe more easily is popular here in Hollywood. Not so in England and Europe. Clothes are more formal in cut and, I might say, body-binding.

"However, there are a few scores on which the English girl has the edge. Her complexion is exquisite. Her makeup consists of far less cosmetics and much more natural epidermis. She is superior in complexion to any nationality of woman I have ever seen. Why is that? Oh, for a number of reasons. Some beauticians say it is diet, difference in food eaten, and others say it is climate. Those famous London fogs are said to be a tonic to the skin. At the age of thirty or thirty-two, the English woman has a fine, small-pored skin of the Hollywood girl of twenty-three or four. It sounds incredible, perhaps, but it is true. In any semi-tropical or tropical countries, the sun dries the youth from skin. It brings on premature age and wrinkles. Hollywood, with its dry climate, must take a back seat for England with its humidity.

"Another thing, girls in the Isles and on the Continent seem to have more naturally lustrous hair than those here. But, of course, hot lights on the sets account for the drying out of the stars' hair. I think Hollywood girls fuss far too much with novel hair-dos and with frightful dyeing jobs. I, for one, don't care for complicated ringlets and tricky waves that take a hairdresser hour upon hour to finish."

Mr. Sanders, undoubtedly, has tested his patience waiting for more than one local lovely going through her endless beautification.

While discussing things of beauty with Mr. Sanders, you learn that beauty is not its own excuse for being, contrary to what a famous English poet wrote. It is the woman's own excuse, he maintains. After all, it is woman who, through gifts of Mother Nature and the artistic application of cosmetics, brings beauty into being. Like many men, Sanders realizes that—

Little grains of powder
And little dabs of paint
Make a girl's complexion
Look like what it ain't!

He doesn't mind being fooled to a certain extent. Still he prefers cosmetics at a minimum—especially for his future wife, whoever this feminine X quantity may be—"Because I don't want the contrast of her night-before appearance to be too great when I see her across the breakfast table," he laughs.

And speaking of wives-to-be, although Mr. Sanders is not contemplating going Brigham Young, he has an eye or two open for the girl who may be the missing half of a desirable duo. (Don't fall for rumors that he's already married. 'Tain't so.) Sanders declares open season on himself. And the point is that this Britisher who happens to have one swell sense of humor, is open to suggestions from any feminine admirers near or far. It doesn't matter that another Leap Year is a long way off.

When he announces, "I am waiting to be pursued until I catch my future wife," he is not exactly turning SCREENLAND into a lonely hearts column. For the Sanders heart is not lonely. It is sub-divided. Part of it belongs to this girl, part to that girl, but none to Daddy. It is merely trying to encourage the "real thing" to come along.

Since we place honesty before levity, we must inform readers that this is an open competition for the gentleman's hand. May the best gal win! The line forms at the typewriter. No penned proposals will be accepted. No box-tops are necessary. Remember, the decision of the judge—Judge Sanders—will be final. For obvious reasons, in case of ties, there will be no duplicate awards. For the only possible ties will be marital.

Of course, three or four glossy and clear photographs would help no end, along with full particulars about yourself, your temperament, your habits. Also photographs of mother, dad, brothers, cousins, and nephews. Have we forgotten anyone?

There is more method in this madman's madness than appears on the surface. There's an old saying that most daughters shape up to look like their mothers in later years. And what is a better preview of daughter's future appearance than a photograph of her mother?

But what's the advantage of having dad's or brother's or nephew's or cousin's pictures included?

"I want to be master in my own home," laughs Sanders. "Suppose one of my mail-order prospects happened to have a giant of a brother who played tackle for Stanford. How could I beat my wife with a clear conscience and without worry about getting a mauling from a tough brother?"

Does Mr. Sanders expect to go caveman, to become a veritable *Rhett Butler* in his home? Well, not really, but he must be benevolent dictator or he will not become the party of the first part who takes unto him for life a party of the second part.

The qualities Mr. Sanders wants in his wife are as legion as the sands on the seashore.

"She must have infinite understanding. She must be free from jealousy. She must be willing to marry permanently—and not for the Hollywood 'until death do us apart' term, which amounts to about six weeks in many cases. She must be versatile—a duchess in the drawing room, a chef in the kitchen—in the event of servant trouble—and a generally adaptable person."

Among other things, the future Mrs. S. must be about five feet four or six. She would then reach the tip of the Sanders nose, as he illustrated by standing before his fireplace and indicating the ideal height. Sanders himself stands six feet three above sea level. Something else about this woman. She must know how to dress, because—

"Some women spend a fortune on clothes and look frightful," he contends, "while New York and Los Angeles stenographers of modest means are smart-looking on a small budget. A neat woman would be best because I'm so sloppy myself. There can't be two untidy people under the same roof.

"A wife with a mind like a catalogue would be just the thing. She would know where I've mislaid my pens, books, and miscellaneous objects.

"Above all, she should not be addicted to a disease which the novelist P. G. Wodehouse's wife has. That is the 'did you?' disease. 'Did you put out Tabby for the night?' 'Did you lock and bolt the door?' 'Did you do this?' and 'Did you do that?' until she drives you to insomnia or drink."

And what about physical aspects?

"Oh, she must be shapely of body as well as legs—with, shall we say?—a slight un-

derstatement in voluptuousness. She must have a face that doesn't require the extensive use of cosmetics. Hair? A sort of brunette. Funny thing is that most of the women with whom I've gone have been blondes, and I've found myself wishing they were brunettes," he said.

Does he prefer an actress to an everyday girl?

"Not necessarily. You can never tell whom you'll marry. Love strikes like lightning. Any time. Any place."

At present there are many fascinating women in Hollywood, so far as George Sanders is concerned. One is Marlene Dietrich, "who has magnetism—real magnetism. Whatever she does is dramatic and compelling. She walks, and everybody in the room watches her. She has what few women possess—an electric personality."

Another person who causes a short circuit in Sanders is Dorothy Lamour, whom he has yet to meet.

If a lovely lady made up of Ginger Rogers' legs, Ida Lupino's figure, Dorothy Lamour's face and hair, and with Marlene Dietrich's personality were to confront George Sanders, there is reasonable evidence that he would gladly say "cheerio" to bachelorhood. After all, this heavenly creature is a product of his own imagination.

Let Byrons, Shelleys, and Keats immortalize beautiful women in verse. Let historians romanticize famous ladies of the past. Let them say Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, and Du Barry, for instance, were the most beautiful and charming women who have ever lived. And then let George Sanders have the floor for a few minutes.

He will tell you that there are one hundred girls in Hollywood who would make them all look like ideal timber for spinsterhood.

"Why, I wouldn't have wanted a date with Helen of Troy," he says, "despite the fact that in honor of her beautiful features somebody wrote the lines, 'The face that launch'd a thousand ships.'

"How could anyone care for Helen? In those days they didn't have soap or other hygienic products. No toothbrushes. They treated their hair with mud packs. What a mess old Helen must have been coming out of the mud! Besides that they had baths mainly for ornamental purposes. It would have been awful to go dining with Helen of Troy after a long and warm day of launching a thousand ships," he laughed.

Mr. Sanders, who had that headache some months back, will no longer tell you that "Hollywood girls are too beautiful." He maintains "No one can be too lovely." Nor will he tell you who of the scores of gorgeous creatures in Cinema City is most beautiful.

After all, there is such a thing as diplomacy. And he is not in the market for more headaches!

Gene Tierney's Honeymoon Home

Continued from page 34

I wear shorts and bras? Or a bathing suit? Just tell me what you want me to do. I'll do it."

Well—after a lifetime of stars who tell *me* what they'll do, Gene Tierney's suggestion that I tell *her* what to do went completely to my head. When I returned to Hollywood they say I raved insanely for weeks about a strange phenomena I had met out there in the middle of the American desert. A movie star who was eager to cooperate. When I came to my senses I decided that maybe I had been slightly

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"teched" by fresh air and Indian legends. But after checking around with studio publicity departments and other writers I learned that Gene is just as extra-special as I thought her. When the publicity department wants leg art she figures that they know what they are doing, and she gives them all the art they want and when they want it. When her studio bosses decided that she should show her sex appeal in a sarong in Ty Power's "Son of Fury" Gene didn't quibble, she just said, "All right. But get me some red flannels to wear under that sarong. I don't want to freeze." And when fan writers request an interview Gene doesn't suddenly think up fifty million excuses why she shouldn't be bothered. She sees them immediately (she has such great respect for deadlines that I suspect there must have been a typewriter pounder in her family tree) and does her best to help them make the story interesting. She isn't fussy about her stories. She figures that the writer knows his job or he wouldn't be there.

She is completely unimpressed by the Countess stuff. When I teased her once about her title she said, "Olie doesn't like to be called a Count. He'll become an American citizen in a few months now, and automatically loses his title. I'm awfully glad." (And when I think what a fuss Gloria and Connie made over their Marquis—crests and all that hoopla). Gene broke all Hollywood precedent when she told the truth about her feelings following the family squabble that resulted from her surprise marriage to attractive young Oleg Cassini. Because of her honesty and cooperation Gene is fast becoming the pet of the press and the publicists. And that, as Bette Davis can tell you, won't do her any harm.

So I knew when I asked Gene to let me take pictures of her new home that I wouldn't be given a pretty brush-off. "Of course," said Gene, "but I haven't even finished furnishing it yet. Olie and I have been working so hard ever since we married that we haven't had time to buy all the furniture we need. But come on out anyway."

Right, Hollywood's first studio air raid shelter. Bette Davis, Dennis Morgan and their co-workers gathered in the Warner Brothers studio refuge after an alarm for a practice air raid drill was sounded. Watch for more pictures of studio shelters in the next issue.

When Mrs. Cassini says that she has been working hard she ain't lying. After "Sundown" last summer came "The Shanghai Gesture," quickly followed by "Son of Fury" and "Rings On Her Fingers" at her own studio. (If Darryl Zanuck says six pictures a year are good for her, Gene doesn't yell and scream and call up her lawyer like a lot of other stars we could name. She just figures that Mr. Zanuck knows his job.)

Movie stars are very house-proud. They don't want photographers to take pictures of their elegant homes until every drape is in place, every Chippendale is in its right corner, and the family plate is bright and shining. So surprise number one was that Gene and Olie's house was not in place. The drapes didn't fit at all, as Gene gaily pointed out, and we couldn't possibly "shoot" but one side of the bedroom. And surprise number two was that you and you and even you live in a much better, and bigger, house than does Hollywood's most promising young dramatic actress. Cozy is the word for it.

"It's really the guest house," said Gene taking me on a quick tour of her home, and really quick, as it consists only of a small living room, a small bedroom, a small kitchen and dining room combination, and a bathroom, also small. "The big house is up on the hill. It's a lovely old place but it will take thousands of dollars to do it over the way we want it. It may be eight or nine months, or even a year, before we do anything to it at all. We have to wait and see how our careers work out. In the meantime we've become awfully fond of this little house—we may never want to move. See the frigidaire and the stove. Olie

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*The color of my eyes is*_____ *hair*_____ *skin*_____

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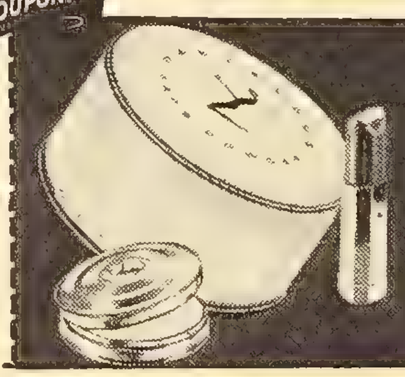


Hudnut MARVELOUS

Matching ROUGE, LIPSTICK AND THE POWDER THAT Stays on 5 Hours

bought them with the first check he made from 'Shanghai Gesture'."

Except for the frigidaire and the stove and the bed (a regular Hollywood bed, so help me) everything in the house is an antique, or at least very old. "The big house, which really isn't big but we just call it big, is seventy-five years old," said Gene with pride in her voice. "It used to be a part of the 'No Chance Ranch' (we shuddered when we learned we had bought a place named *that*) and was owned for years by Bobby Stack's grandfather. This house we're in was just an old shack until Olie and I patched it up. Isn't it wonderful? I never had a home before I loved so much."

Gene, remember, comes from Connecticut where people go into ecstacies over century-old barns which they can remodel into homes. And the spirits of her New England ancestors must have been around when she bought the furniture. Among her prized possessions are a cobbler's bench well over a hundred years old, an old New York hatbox which she has made into a waste paper basket, a Boston rocker which is her pride and joy, and a two hundred year old chest which she got at a bargain and which once belonged to the Hearst collection. She has kerosene lamps all over the place. As a matter of fact collecting old lamps is one of her hobbies. Another is collecting lipsticks. "I must have a million of them," she says, "I change colors according to my mood." And still a third hobby is sewing, something, I can testify, she does beautifully. She is working on a series of samplers, and I must say they fit in perfectly with her Godey prints and her hooked rugs. She learned to sew while she was at a fashionable school in Switzerland, and is so crazy about it that she will start sewing on anything that is near her, be it cup towels, a dress, or a sheet that the laundry has torn. "My sewing," she says, "and Olie's tennis are the only bones of contention in the Cassini household."

Sewing, however, seems to be the only worthwhile thing she learned at the four society schools she attended before she defied the Tierney-Taylor traditions and went on the stage. "Fudge," she says unhappily, "is the only thing I can cook. But we have just bought a waffle iron and I am going to learn to cook waffles for Sunday morning breakfast parties. Madeleine—she's the entire Cassini staff—is off on Sundays."

Gene claims she didn't know she was the domestic type until one afternoon when she was strolling casually through a park in Los Angeles, trying to straighten out her problems: Should she stay in Hollywood and try hard to become a success on the screen, or should she go back to New York and her first love, the theater? As she passed by a group of middle-aged women who were having a picnic she heard one of them say, "Mrs. Brown, your peach preserves are delicious," and another one say, "But not so good as your blackberry preserves, Mrs. Smith. May I have the recipe?"

"Suddenly," said Gene, "I knew I wanted above everything else to be homey, marry a nice man, have cute children, and make peach preserves."

She hasn't done anything about the cute children and the peach preserves yet, but I must say she has certainly married a nice man. Oleg Cassini, once you forgive him for having been born in Europe, is one of the swellest guys in this town. You have only to see Gene and Olie together to realize that they are probably the happiest young couple in this neck of the woods.

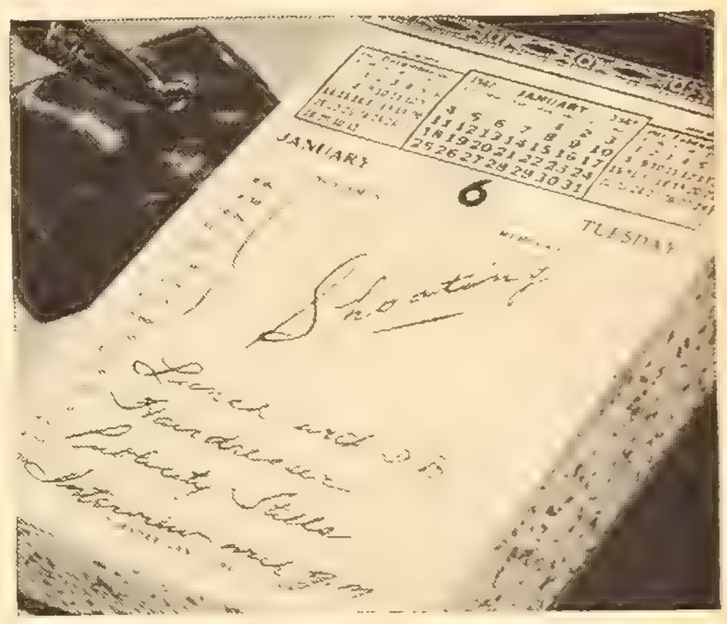
"I have a cousin who has the same kind of a sense of humor as Olie has," Gene confided to me one day. "I never liked my cousin until I married Olie. Now I'm crazy about him."

See how it is, folks?

"MY SHINING HOUR? I've 24 a day!"

JOAN BENNETT, star of the Edward Small picture **"TWIN BEDS,"** says: **"A movie star has to keep up the illusion that teeth just never grow dull or tarnished... That's easier than you may think, with such a high-polish powder as CALOX for daily care."**

"ONCE YOU LEARN the tricks of perfect grooming, the idea is to stick by them religiously. I even keep an *extra* can of CALOX in my travel case—lest I forget."



EVERY DAY'S a crowded day for movie stars. CALOX cleans brilliantly and *quickly*—due to a superbly efficient formula that contains *five* cleansing and polishing agents!

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1. **CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS.** A real *beauty* tooth powder, promotes a brilliant gloss!
2. **EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH** because it's double-sifted through 100 mesh silk screens.
3. **FRESH-TASTING**—no strong medical taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love it.

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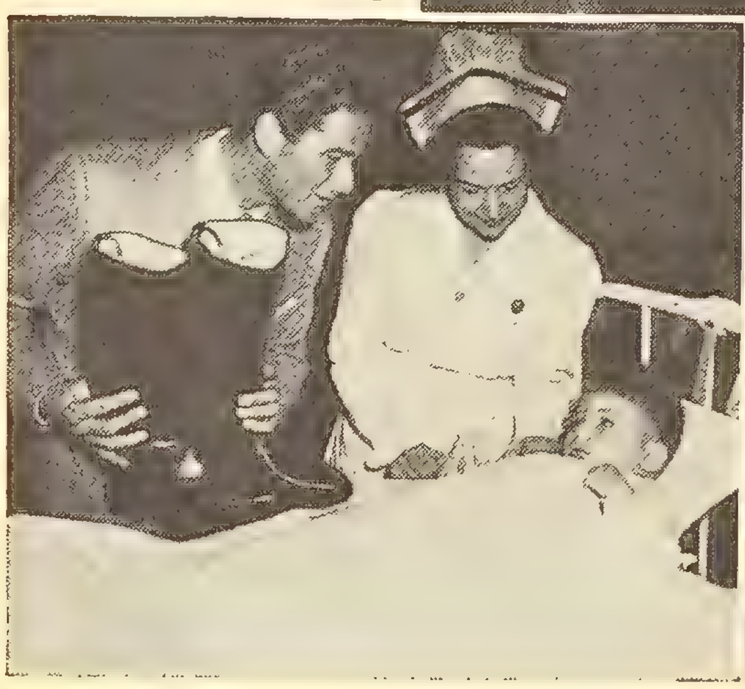
Here's Hollywood

* * * ALL OUT FOR DEFENSE! * * *

And Every Good Cause!

Linda Darnell, far right, helps the sale of Defense Bonds and Stamps. Right, with Secretary Knox and Admiral Harold Stark, Linda attends a rally in Washington, D. C.



Errol Flynn, who enlisted in campaign against paralysis which began on the President's Birthday, January 30th, makes a crippled tot happy.

Shirley Temple, Betty Brewer, Joan Carroll at All Nations Foundation during "see for yourself" tour of Community Chest agencies.

Jimmy Durante played Santa Claus for one o the Crippled Children's Federations, a grou participating in the President's Birthday Party

By Weston East

THE Women's Press Club of Hollywood may think that Ginger Rogers is the most uncooperative actress, but the "Roxie Hart" company thinks she's terrific. The day they finished shooting, the crew presented *Roxie* with stirrups and bridle reins, silver-trimmed and engraved, "To Ginger from the 'Roxie Hart' gang." Director William Wellman gave her a fishing-pole. Ginger took her loot to her farm in Oregon. As a gag she framed a bill of sale, showing that she had bought a horse and charged it to Wellman. The director wants to have Ginger *arrested*—for not showing sales tax!

CARY GRANT has a clause in his contract that permits him to okay all his still pictures. This because one side of his face photographs better than the other. Strangely enough, Cary can't stand the taste of sugar. Growing up in Europe during the first world war, he had to do without it. Now sugar makes him sick to his stomach. The day he finished "Arsenic and Old Lace," Cary "gifted" everyone on the lot. To members of the working crew, he presented over one hundred twenty-pound turkeys. No wonder everyone calls him "Colossal Cary."

GUESS who Mickey Rooney's new screen partner is going to be? None other than our own Shirley Temple! You'll see them together for the first time in "Babes In Hollywood." They say that the studio now feels that Judy Garland not only looks older, but she also looks larger playing opposite Mickey. So Judy will probably do "As Thousands Cheer" for her next and have a grown-up leading man.

HOLLYWOOD producers are having the blackout blues! To get everyone away from the studios before dark, they now start shooting at eight A.M. This means that movie stars must arise at five to get made up and be on the set on time. Strangely enough, the stars are taking it in their stride. But the chimpanzee that's working with Maureen O'Sullivan in the new "Tarzan" picture, just *won't* start acting until nine. Johnny Weissmuller even bribed him with candy and nuts. But the Chimp wouldn't budge and that was that. They started shooting at nine.

NORMA SHEARER is a taffy blonde What's more, she loves it . . . George Raft's Mack Grey is now Hollywood's favorite liquor dealer . . . Gary Cooper gave Nancy Raye Gross away when she married director Howard Hawks in Pasadena. Yes Gary stayed awake . . . Lieutenant Richard Greene will marry Patricia Medina, British film actress. Virginia Field, now a ravishing brunette, reported not *too* upset . . . Everyone, including mama and papa, *so* surprised when Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland's baby was born at home . . . Mickey Rooney and Ava Gardner are looking for an apartment. No big home for them after they are married . . . Cesar Romero has a wonderful new seven-year deal with his studio. He celebrated by buying his mother and sister new mink coats . . . Maria Ouspenskaya has a new buddy It's the leopard she works with in the "Mystery of Marie Roget." She won him over by wearing "Tabu" perfume . . . Lupe Velez broke a toe doing a ballet at Hollywood party . . . Humphrey Bogart was late on the set recently. The reason? He was home planting his Spring petunias! . . . Hedda Hopper's smart wardrobe actually stopped traffic. Famous designer John Hambleton is responsible.

Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon, Norma Shearer, Edward Arnold, representing the film industry at the big Community Chest Drive luncheon.

Edward G. Robinson, Ronald Colman, Mischa Auer and other notables made a coast-to-coast appeal in behalf of the Russian War Relief.

HERE and there and in your hair: Ann Sheridan is learning French. Richard Whorf kidded: "If it wasn't a dead language before, it *will* be now!" . . . On her twenty-fifth birthday, Olivia de Havilland, born in Tokio, became a proud American citizen. Orson Welles is determined to have Janet Gaynor for a picture. He's reading scripts like mad . . . Bob Sterling is Ann Sothern's current escort. Bob Sterling's sister is Ann Sothern's current secretary. Sounds like a family affair. Many-times-engaged Anne Nagel finally took marriage vows in surprise wedding in Boston courtroom. Lieut. James H. Keenan was the lucky man. Mischa Auer and Joyce Hunter finally said "I Do" in front of Mayor La Guardia. Comedian took his vows seriously and that's news.

Susan Hayward holds an infant from the Salvation Army Home while Lew Ayres looks on.

RONALD COLMAN has his lighter moments *too!* Recently the dignified star returned from Canada, where he had been to help them sell defense bonds. In his Beverly Hills home Ronnie and the Missus gathered their favorite group of friends. Among them were Ginger Rogers, Claudette Colbert, the Harold Lloyds, Barbara Hutton, Cary Grant, and strangely enough, Col. Tim McCoy. The former western star and the reserved Ronnie have been friends for twenty years. Everyone gathered in the Colman barroom that features all those early-day photographs of the stars. (You should *see* what some of them look like)! They took to reminiscing about the good ol' days. They did those old routines that really reeked of corn. Believe it or not, Cary and Ronnie sang a cockney duet.

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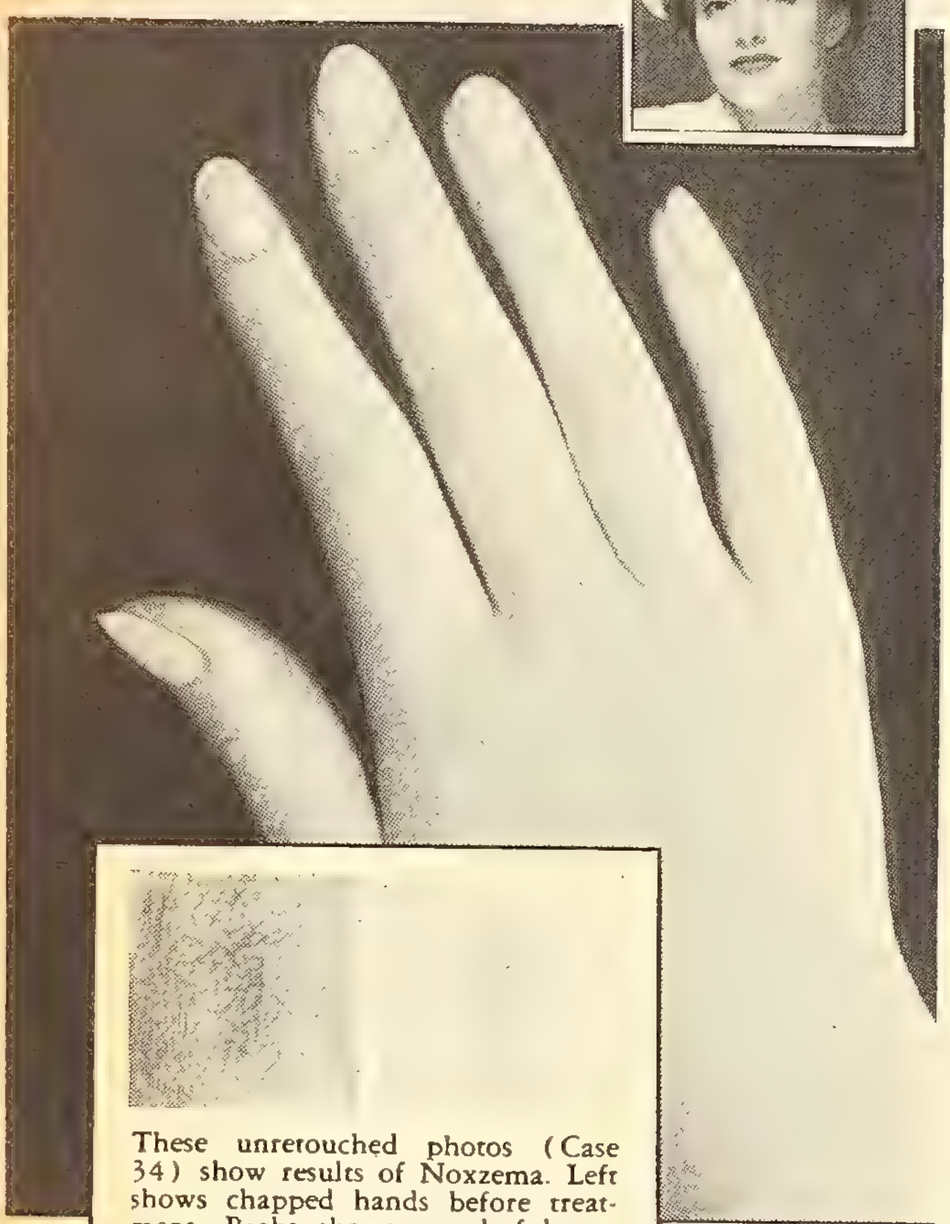
CHAPPED HANDS HEAL FASTER...

ACCORDING TO ACTUAL TESTS WITH NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM



These unretouched photos (Case 34) show results of Noxzema. Left shows chapped hands before treatment Right shows wonderful improvement after using Noxzema

With Noxzema, definite improvement is often seen *overnight!* That's because this famous *medicated* cream helps soften dry, rough skin; aids in healing tiny skin "cuts."

SAVE ON STOCKINGS. Guard against snagging precious stockings. Help keep your hands *and feet* soft, smooth, with Noxzema!

Let Noxzema help you all these ways this winter

WINDBURN, CHAPPED LIPS. Noxzema brings quick, soothing relief to red, rough, painfully windburned skin and ugly chapped lips. *Mary Richardson of St. Paul, Minn., says:* "I use Noxzema on my face to help protect my skin against winter winds and to soothe it *after* exposure."

FROST BITE, CHILBLAINS, PAINFULLY CHAFED SKIN. Noxzema brings grand relief! *Mrs. Harriette Eddy, of Minneapolis writes:* "Every winter I suffered from Chilblains. After one application of Noxzema I felt a cool, soothing comfort I'd never known before!"

POOR COMPLEXION. Try medicated Noxzema for externally-caused blemishes; for skin reddened, roughened and "dried out" from winter winds. See for yourself how quickly this soothing cream helps improve your complexion!

SPECIAL OFFER. Here's your opportunity to find out how much Noxzema can do for *you!* For a limited time you can get the 25¢ jar at any drug or cosmetic counter—FOR ONLY 19¢! Get your jar *today!*

You've seen the fashions Norma Shearer wears in her new film in our rotogravure section. No above, we give you Norma in a scene with co-star Melvyn Douglas in "We Were Dancing which is about two penniless refugees who fall madly in love and defy financial problem

ALL is sweetness and light between Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. Being away on a personal appearance tour has given them a perspective on Hollywood they never had before. Now they can hardly wait to get back to their ranch at Northridge. They're buying up furniture and knick-knacks in every city they visit and sending the stuff on ahead. By the way, Desi and Lucille are looking for an appropriate name for their ranch. They prefer a contraction of their own combined names. Put on your thinking caps, you fans!

MAUREEN O'HARA, who fled from her first husband in England (practically on the first night of her marriage), is now a bride again. Her marriage to Will Price, dialogue director, caused some excitement in the little town of McComb, Mississippi. Maureen's parents were in Ireland. They were married in Will's home town because his mother asked her if she wouldn't like that better than Hollywood. Her wedding gown was pale blue crepe, trimmed in coffee-colored old lace. She wore an off-the-face hat of mink and carried a shower of white camellias—picked from the Prices' famous camellia gardens. The honeymoon comes later. Maureen had to hurry back to work.

DESPITE his denials, things haven't been as amicable between Victor Mature and his wife as he would like them to be. However, they are gradually working it all out. All the other actors in Hollywood are quite amused at Victor's devotion to the press. He sends the fair ladies who interview him, telegrams that are signed "Love and Kisses." If they can't come to Victor, he goes to them. He even gives up his evenings to get himself publicized. All the other actors are laughing. But look who's getting all the breaks!

BRENDA MARSHALL is the latest to take a suspension. After receiving her best notices to date for her work in "Captains of the Clouds," Brenda felt the next part offered her was a step back instead of another step forward. Now she'll have more time to wear that new mink coat. Brenda hasn't had it off her back since her devoted husband, Bill Holden, presented it on her birthday.

"TWO-FACED WOMAN" can now hol her *heads* up again! M-G-M called Me vyn Douglas back for an added scene. In stead of being a man who finds it necessar to pursue *two* women (both played b Garbo) they've now fixed it so that he pu sues the two, but all the time knew she wa really only *one!* A simple thing like se never baffles 'em in the movies!

A REAL New Year's present was th casting of Eddie Albert to bring "Me ton of the Movies" back to the scree Exhibitors and fans all over the countr wrote in and requested Eddie for this pri rôle. Pretty good for a boy who almost g "Lou Gehrig" away from Gary Cooper Until Paramount gives him the startin date, Eddie will continue travelling with small Mexican circus. Besides lion tamin Eddie is also learning to be a tight ro walker. We're glad it's *Eddie.*

OH, WELL, it makes a good publicit story, anyway. Paramount stud would have you know that since Veronic Lake is building a new home by a lake North Hollywood, the Mayor, or someon wants to change the name of the body water and call it—you guessed it, Veronic Lake! No, we wouldn't be taking you f a boat ride!

TIME marches on. And how! When Ha old Lloyd asked his young son what h wanted most for his birthday, without ba ting an eye young Harold, Jr., answered, " picture of Hedy Lamarr." By the wa Harold, Sr., couldn't have been more en barrassed when the rumor spread that h was going to run for Governor. You ca take his word for it he only wants to pr duce pictures that make the *public* run the box office!

ALL the panting little maids who wante to play *Maria* can now go back to the gin rummy. Production on "For Whom th Bell Tolls" has been postponed. Instea Sam Wood will direct Gary Cooper in "Th Life of Lou Gehrig." It was impossible get the war equipment, build bridges, etc with the prevalent priority rights. Beside now that Sam Wood has consented to d the Gehrig picture for Goldwyn, it's a cinc that Gary Cooper will definitely play *Rol ert Jordan,* when the bell tolls again.

OR two years Myrna Loy has tried to get to New York. Finally she made it. ıe very next day the tragic news of Pearl arbor rocked the city. Myrna was so jit-y she took the next train back to Holly-ood and hubby Arthur Hornblow, Jr. atalie Visart, who designs all the costumes r men only in C. B. DeMille pictures, ok the trip with Myrna. The money they ould have spent has been donated to the ed Cross.

NTOLD tragedies of Hollywood: At the time an incompetent press agent printed e purported romance between Charles uggles and Mary Boland, the comedian uldn't have been more upset. The reason as never made quite clear. Until the death otice appeared in the local papers, very w knew that Ruggles had a wife. Her ness of long standing was the secret sor-w of the actor's life. Perhaps that is why is so great—making other people laugh.

VATCH for a nice little feud between Abbott and Costello AND Universal. hat studio wants them for a South Seas urder mystery in which the boys wear rongs! They are needed just three weeks ter they complete their loanout to M-G-M r "Rio Rita." The comedians say they ed a three months' rest. Wonder which going to win out. What's *your* guess?

Y ACTUAL count, Jack Beutel has had more publicity breaks than any other ung actor in Hollywood. Yet the male ar of Howard Hughes' "The Outlaw" has ver been seen on the screen. It's still prob-matical if the picture will ever be released. ut on Ventura Boulevard in the San Fer-ndo Valley, there's a nice little cafeteria at specializes in forty-five cent dinners. ck dines in there nightly, completely un-cognized by the crowd. Such is fame and rtune in Hollywood.

LLEN DREW is rapidly becoming the first moving picture lady of Washington. s soon as she finished "My Favorite Spy" llen flew right back to the Capital where r husband, Cy Bartlett, is now stationed s an army Captain. Ellen and Cy are very uch in love. She intends running their Vashington apartment for the duration. er Hollywood friends will only see her hen she's needed in front of the camera.

araine Day and Barry Nelson are wary of hat lies ahead of them on the Burma Road this scene from "China Caravan," a film hich is as timely as today's headlines.

"My Romance was dying of starvation"

A TRUE STORY OF THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT ALMOST WRECKED A MARRIAGE

1. Before we were married, we were so much in love! But after our wedding Bill changed—his attentions grew less and less. I suffered the miseries of neglect.

2. Then at the club one day I met a famous woman doctor—and overcame my pride enough to tell her my troubles. She shocked me by saying, "I'm afraid it's your own fault—you see, there's one thing husbands don't forgive in their wives—carelessness or *ignorance* about feminine hygiene.

3. "So many married women come to me with the same story. And my advice to them, and to you, is—use Lysol disinfectant regularly for intimate personal care. Lysol cleanses and deodorizes—and at the same time it instantly kills millions of germs, without harm to sensitive tissues. Lysol is safe."

4. That's how Lysol became my standard practice for feminine hygiene. It's so gentle to use—and so economical. And you never have to worry about its effectiveness. It *works!* As for my romance—we're more in love than ever.

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

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BEFORE SELECTING THE RING AND ANNOUNCING THE ENGAGEMENT . . . send the coupon or write for this valuable book.

Rings enlarged to show details.

Keep 'Em Smiling! Bob Hope Tells How

Continued from page 21

kind of silly to be grinning or laughing out loud when you're by yourself. (Not that I don't do that, too). But as I say, keep people around you. It's cosier. Even Garbo should have two in for dinner.

"The way to keep 'em smiling? Well, begin with the folks at home, the folks you work with. For instance, it's a temptation to rush up to a fellow actor, grab him by his shoulder pads and gargle, 'You should have seen my rushes last night. The boys in the lab just DIED!' That line was okay before bombs fell on Honolulu. Now, for the sake of morale, you go into reverse. You must greet the other fellow with, 'Hear your rushes are killing the boys in the lab!' That makes *him* smile, get the point?

"Then there's the alternative of running into a radio star. Once upon a time your dialogue would have been, 'Did you hear my broadcast last night? The gags really had the audience in the aisle!' Now you simply give it the twist and say, 'Heard your broadcast last night. Say, the gags really had the audience in the aisle, I bet!'

"Of course, if it's Crosby you collide with, you're in luck. Because with a star of screen and radio, you can hand out both lines and really have his ribs cracking and two wreaths of smiles on his lips.

"Or you can greet a radio brother with a bright, 'Just saw your Crosley rating!' It's wise to do a bit of preliminary checking here, however, just to make sure it's not blood you're drawing.

"But back to the movies again: Start pasting smiles on the kissers of the boys and girls you work with. They probably need a laugh if they have to work with you. The make-up man, for instance. Be nice to him. After all, he's got a hard job. It's your face he's preparing for the screen. And this effort to keep a smile on his face is bread upon the waters if bread ever floated. Because, if you are nice to him, you won't look like a turtle.

"Never tell your cameraman what beautiful shots you get with your little, old Brownie. I'm sorry, but that's out—for the duration. If you control yourself on this point, he'll be sure to feel good and he'll be sure to make you look good. You see?

"Quit ritzing the grips. You know, the electricians and fellows up there on the cat-walks. Then they'll quit dropping the lights on your head.

"After a director okays a take, TRY not to say, 'Well, *I* don't like it! You never say that, anyway, unless another actor has just given his best performance. Just DON'T say it any more, that's all!

"I need hardly mention, I am sure, how wise it is to refrain from telling a director how *you* think a scene should be done. Especially wise when you are working with directors like Frank Capra, George Cukor, Sidney Lanfield, C. B. DeMille, any one of the biggies. You couldn't pull it on a novice, though, come to think. He might believe you—and then where would you be? Just don't let 'em catch on to how much you know, feller. That'll keep 'em smiling.

"Another smile-getter is to arrive on the set on time. None of that business of c ing in late, making the others wait. Al all, never be late on the day when o members of your cast have their big, he dramatic scenes to do. Or their l scenes. Or their best comedy sequen when they must effervesce. Waiting l effervescence. For love scenes and con sequences, you gotta effervesce.

"If you want to keep that dental smile on the lips of your leading l never back up to her in a scene with foul intent of getting your full face to camera. If you do succumb to this all-human temptation, what your full face look like in the *next* scene is somethir do not like to say about any lady. Tha will not be a smiling pan, I guarantee

"Never be too busy to see report They can play tit for tat, too, you kn Be too busy to see them and, soon, are too busy to see you. But not too l to write about you. *Never* too busy that. And the things they write about when they don't see you will wipe the off your kisser for keeps.

"If possible (this is sure for laughs) around pretending that you don't take ing (a great Art for my money) serio Drop little hints about how you feel real Call was to the bar (legal) or sur or perhaps the Diplomatic Service. acting off as a racket, a clambake. Kee dark that when you act, you perspire much you break down. Shut up about fact that you don't just take it serio you DIE. Be a character like that you'll have the whole town laughing.

"If people are not holding their s at sight of you by this time, and n groundwork is still to be done, lay kibitzing on another actor when he, she, is having an interview. If you barge in on 'em, out of habit, try no be the Bright Boy. Try to be dumb. W hard at it, you think. Don't say *too* m killing things. For if you do, when it pears in print, it may turn out to be interview instead of his, or hers. That' way to keep 'em smiling.

"Also, lay off mooching in on the licity shots of other stars. Especially w they are posing their prettiest with visi governors, or Mrs. Roosevelt. If you make that old mistake and get in fron the camera, don't make such funny f that even Madeleine Carroll comes out center. Look natural. They'll retouch out and the others will be happy.

"Never have more hair than your fel actor. If you do have, they *can't* smile, more than flesh and blood can end What is more, and sadder, you'll be cluded out of all poker games, gin run and golf tournaments and tips on the ra You won't find it so easy to keep smil either.

"Try not to keep your mind on y work any more than you can help. cause if your mind is really on your w you are liable to be absent-minded. If are absent-minded, you are as apt as to pass a competitive comic on the st without speaking to him. Or you may v into a restaurant and there is Betty Gr and you yell, 'Hi, there, Madeleine! you think *that* is good for a smile!

"And oh, how did I leave this to last! *Never* forget your producer's na Don't call him 'Hey, you!' Those c acters have to be kept smiling, too. think I'm fooling with my bank roll?

"There is a great deal to be acc plished in radio, too. By such means these: Don't hog the mike. I know, I kn it's practically child's play, of course. all learned how when we were dribb commercials about *Sweeties*. But it's easy to be kosher. So never keep 'em mike, off the beam a little. They don't it.

"Stepping on another comedian's la

another way of insuring that a Hymn Hate (just the thing you *don't* want) ll be your requiem. In case you are miliar with the fine points of this technique and so you'll be sure to dodge 'em, re is how it is done: Let's suppose that rry Colonna is getting a good, fat laugh om our radio audience. (I said 'suppose,' ind you). Well, while they are still ughing and good for another minute and half, I walk right in and start talking. hat stops them because they don't want miss anything they haven't paid for, do ey? Only, I *don't* walk in. That keeps n laughing the full, allotted time for olonna. That keeps Colonna smiling, too. hat's what we want nowadays, get it?

"Reading your cue lines wrong has always been a dandy for making sour-pusses your fellow actors. You read 'em right r the duration. That's what you do.

"Insult your studio audiences before a oadcast. When you go on the air, their ughter will have that 'locked-in flavor.' i, there, Jack!

"For example, tell your audiences they e stupid when they don't laugh at a joke. You can make this pretty convincing, too, pecially if it is one of the jokes you and our six gag men have labored over for x hours, polishing and patting and pulling into shape). But don't make that miske any more. We've got to be softies, ow, boys. In our private and professional ves, I mean. To make up for how tough nd hard we've got to be out there. Anyay, from now on in, anything sarcastic I ay, I must repent me of, the instant the ry words leave my mouth. Like when I ull a joke to a deathly silence and say, tterly, 'You'll get it in time!' I will now dd, 'and when you do, you'll wish you adn't!' Also, I'll be extra careful to top wise crack at the other fellow's expense ith another crack at my own expense.

"You can't be too careful now NOT to urt anyone. You can't hurt anybody's eelings now, not *anybody's*. The hurt is ig enough, as it is. It's up to all of us to andage and poultice up the hurts with ll the laughs and lunacies and kindliness e can muster. Laughter is an awfully ealing thing, I'm glad to say. Glad to say ecause laughter is something we can *all* ive away, whether rich or poor. Laughter oesn't come out of our pocketbooks, it omes out of our hearts. But we must nake sure it is laughter without a single ting to it. We must not care whether they augh *at* us or with us. So long as they augh!

"Then, of course, there have always been ll kinds of things you can pull around own and at home, to make private citizens vish actors still lived in tents on the wrong ide of the tracks. That 'Hollywood, Here Come!' driving around in a streamlined peedster, white wall tires, loud paint job, our horn sort of thing, I mean. That nade people let you run over them for the leasure of putting you in jail. You better veed that routine right out, roots and all.

"Now, then, it will help a lot if you will always be on time at premieres. Cut out hat jay-walking down the aisle. Quit making frequent stops to speak to friends, whether they know you or not. Don't talk so LOUD. Also, be sure you can find your seat. Don't make half a dozen sorties into first this row, and then that, until you are finally placed where you belong with the help of an experienced usher, her Neon flashlight and a spot of brute force. People are there to enjoy a picture, remember. *Let 'em.*

"During the intermission or, better still, while the picture is running, refrain from telling whoever you are with so everyone for rows and rows around you can hear, how you did in your last picture, what the folks at home said about your performance, and what the critics said, you wish.

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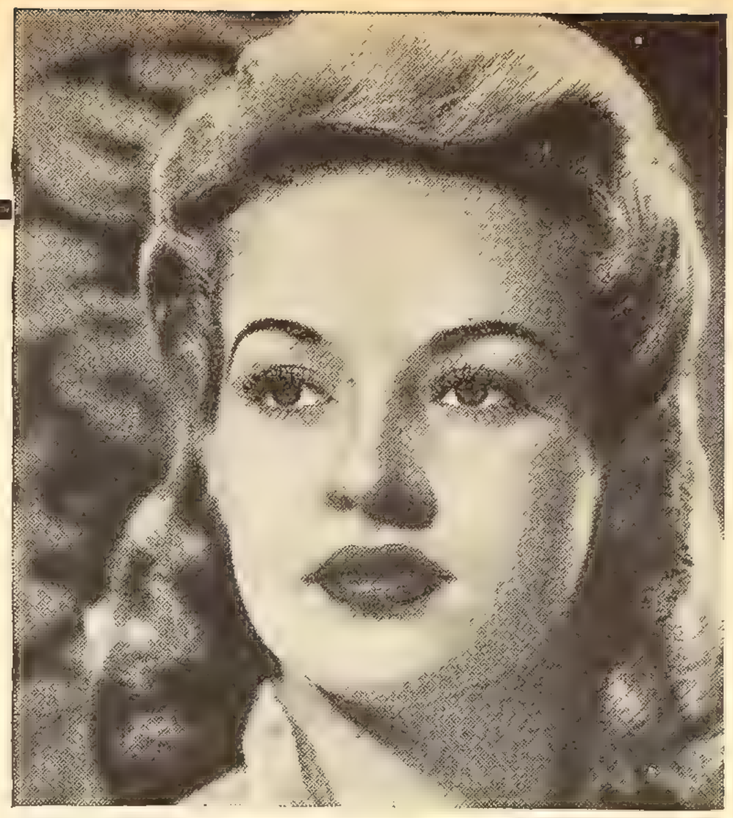

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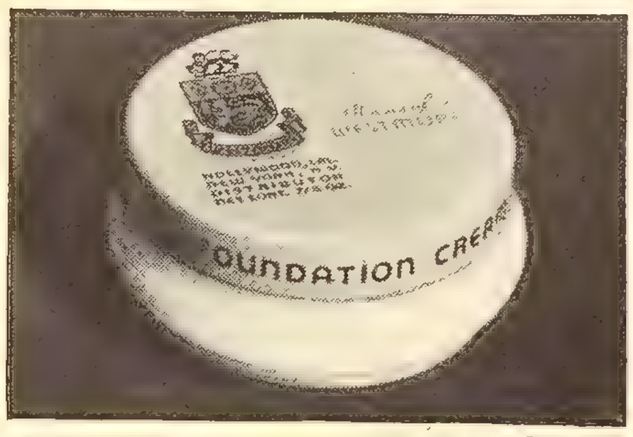

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Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

"Then, be sure to stay until the pictu is finished. Don't leave five minutes earl thus ruining the end of the picture f other people. If the big love scene, or wha ever the climax is, comes ten minutes b fore the lights go on, don't take that a your exit cue. But if you must take i don't take it, laughing. Just this one tim DON'T laugh. Don't make any gran stand play at all. If you must play, bein the type, make it a game of creepy-mous

"Once outside the theater, don't tal half an hour to sign your autograph. Th prevents other kids from getting any. also prevents other stars from giving an Which is not conducive to good hum men—or women.

"When you are making personal appea ance tours throughout the country, try n to behave like a Vision, an apparition fro some other and, presumably, lovelie world. Don't give it that ectoplasm touc

"Like when I was in Chicago a whi ago, some youngster came up to me, sa timidly, 'Mr. Hope, may I touch you Now, there was my chance to turn into rosy vapor to give it the flap of wings. muffed it—and I'm proud I muffed it—b saying, 'Look, kid, little do you know th one New Year's Eve not so very long ag I might have touched your father for five!' (I was thinking of 1928 when I sa that. Chicago, in 1928. I was starvin there, then. It's a good idea not to forg that once you were starving. Gives you a added impetus to keep the smiles goin round.)

"Don't have your suits made with built-in press book. Or maybe you shoul come to think. Maybe you should go step farther and have a suit made of you press clippings. You can pretend the ga is a gag, can't you?

"Play benefits. Play as many benefits a you can cover the ground to play. Ther are any number of ways to evade. You ca have the flu or a wisdom tooth. Both hav been very popular this season. Or you ca be doing night-work in your current pi ture. This is not popular in any season bu it is done. And who will check. That's wha *you* think. But there isn't any evading th drafts now. Not any kind of drafts. In cluding those made on our time, patienc kindliness and generosity. We're all ou now, all the way out, thank God. And a the way out there, where the East is mee ing the West, it's a smile that'll keep 'e going.

"Throw a party now and then. Thro lots of parties. Throw more parties tha you have ever done in your lives befor Keep your front door wide open, you back door, too. If the alert blows and yo have to keep 'em there for the night, an feed 'em breakfast, be glad they are ther with you, whoever they are.

"Try not to get your social sets mixe though. Like don't invite Bing Crosby wit the horsey set or Charles Boyer to a part where there are women.

"And another thing: When you invit people to your house, don't play your ow records all night. Those days are over, to Take down the photographs of yourself s they can find their way to the front doo They can't see them during blackouts any way. Like I said, there are advantages.

"Those mirrors better come down, to That old routine of looking at yourself i a mirror while talking with someone, ad justing your tie, shrugging your magnif icent shoulders more firmly in under th pads, is done.

"When you go to a party, don't get u in the middle of the floor and tell th latest gag everyone has heard years ag finishing off with a loud horse laug *Please* don't.

"Try not to let the boys know that al blondes are on the make for you. Tha won't make 'em smile. And don't snub al

women who are trying to make you, think. That won't make *them* smile.

"If you are an actor, and want to keep ur fans smiling, try to be what they nk you are and, presumably, want you be.

"Now, my fans think of me as a flip low. I know. Because I have never met e yet who did not greet me with, 'Say nething funny.' So it's up to me to nix these offers to play *Hamlet* and *Pagli-i*. Hope as *Hamlet* would be the most appointing thing I could do to my fans, the box-office, and not forgetting my ent.

"It all simmers down, what I've been ying, to practising Christianity, to doing to others as you've been wishing since u were born, they would do unto you. urn the other cheek,' 'love thy neighbor thyself,' all the old maxims and Bible achings mean more now than they have r too many years. Try 'em. They'll paint me smiles on mouths that otherwise ght droop a bit. They'll cast a little sun-ne on a world that needs all it can get."

ob Hope looked startled when his "favorite londe," Madeleine Carroll, took him in hand r this cozy scene in "My Favorite Blonde."

Benny with the Light Lubitsch Touch!

Continued from page 29

Just recently," said Mary," Jack has got-en quite savage about them. He thinks hat all women should part their hair on he side and just comb it straight down. His other hates? He hates lamb, intensely, nd he hates vacations. I have never seen nyone love his work as much as Jack does —he's completely happy when he has a pic-ure, a radio program, several benefits, and half a dozen other things all going at the ame time. When he has to take a vacation ccasionally he becomes nervous and un-appy and starts biting his nails. Before e has a chance to get grumpy I push him nd Joanie in the car, and the two of them o riding around the country like a couple f school kids, usually ending up in an amusement park in Chicago. Riding around he country in a car is his greatest relaxa-ion.

"He's the sweetest man who ever lived," Mary continued. "He is so very loyal. And

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, STAR OF WARNER BROS.' "THE MALE ANIMAL"

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND PASSES HER TASTE-TEST

(Read how she spotted the best-tasting cola)

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

so terribly tolerant. We'll be in a restaurant or night-club and I'll look up and see some woman who annoys me. I'll come right out with, 'I don't like that dame.' Jack will say, 'Now, Doll, you mustn't be like that. She did the most marvelous thing the other day.' Then he'll tell me how she gave a hundred thousand dollars to the Community Chest, or how she helped a little lame boy across the street—and in spite of myself I'll end up liking her. I have never heard Jack say he disliked anybody. I wish he would sometime, just to break the monotony."

Jack gets up early every morning in the year, no matter whether he's working or not. None of that sissy reclining and having breakfast in bed. The first thing he does when he is dressed is to go in to see Joanie, his little adopted daughter, and together with Lady, Joanie's dog, they go for a romp that is extremely trying on the plastering. If it's a day that Jack doesn't have to work on a picture or a script he will put on his sweatshirt after breakfast, pick up his trainer, and drive down to Santa Monica Beach where he likes to exercise in the sand. After a shower and a light lunch he will either drive over to the club for a game of golf with one of his pals, or else he and Joanie will go shopping in the big department stores down in Los Angeles. They are very companionable, those two, and they have the very same sense of humor. After they have done the toy department thoroughly they invariably end up in the men's department where Jack will splurge on a few socks and ties. Which will go right back to the shop the next morning.

"I don't know what happens to Jack when he gets in a shop," says Mary. "He brings home socks and ties in the most awful colors and designs. I have to take them all back and select new ones for him. Except for his socks and ties, however, Jack picks out all his clothes and has wonderful taste. I don't think anybody in the world looks as handsome as Jack does in a double-breasted blue suit and a hat. Or maybe I'm just a little prejudiced."

At five in the afternoon (when he isn't working, of course) Jack has a massage and a short nap until dinner time. Several nights a week they have dinner with the Taylors—Barbara and Bob being their best friends. Jack is always pleased to see a good juicy steak set before him—though if he had his way he'd have a bowl of chili every night in the week. After dinner Jack and Bob play pool if they are at the Taylors, or they all go to a movie (Jack's quite a keen movie fan), or maybe they'll just sit around and talk for hours. Jack is very fond of Barbara. "If I tell Jack he looks run-down and ought to see a doctor, he just laughs at me," says Mary, "but when Barbara pitches into him, he says, 'You're right, Barbara, I'll have the doc look me over tomorrow.'"

Jack is an unusual man in more ways than one. He is crazy about his mother-in-law. Mary's mother and father live very near the Bennys in Beverly Hills and Jack, according to Mary, had rather eat with them than eat at home. "You should see Jack with my mother," she says. "The minute he gets home from the studio he rushes over to see her to tell her the newest story he heard on the set that day. They laugh and scream and think they're the funniest people alive." Mary's mother likes to tell about the day when Mary, age twelve, got furious with Jack Benny, because he called her a baby, and swore she'd get even with him if it was the last thing she did. "She did," says Jack, nudging his mother-in-law in the ribs. "She got even, all right. She married me." And then they go off into more gales of laughter.

Jack's first job in the theater was as a doorman. Next he became a property man. Then he became a violin player, believe

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House of Lechler, Dept. 153, 560 Broadway, New York Cit

it or not, in the theater's orchestra conducted by Cora Salisbury. He and Cora went into vaudeville with a piano and violin act—and in those days Mr. Benny did not play the violin for laughs. When war broke out he enlisted in the Navy, and in "The Great Lakes Revue" he discovered that he wasn't too bad as a master of ceremonies with a new kind of chatter. He became very popular in vaudeville houses all over the country where he always played a poor guy who was in trouble and who was picked on by other fellows—which, of course, is the basis today for his highly successful radio show.

He was playing Vancouver some years ago when Zeppo Marx, who knew Mary's sister, Babe, brought him out to the Marks house. It seems that Jack, the fresh guy, heard Zeppo make a date over the phone with Babe, and said, "Has your girl got a sister? Well, make a date for me." Zeppo thought it great fun not to tell Jack that the sister was only twelve. Practically the first thing Mary heard her future husband say was, "For heaven's sake, get me out of here. Why didn't you tell me the sister was a baby!"

That made Mary so mad that she took all the kids in the neighborhood to the Orpheum the next afternoon and bought them ice cream cones as a bribe to sit on the front row and not crack a smile through Mr. Benny's entire performance. She hoped she'd never see that smart guy Benny again.

"After working up a perfectly good hate for eight years," said Mary with a laugh, "I married him."

Mary's family had moved from Vancouver to Los Angeles in the meantime, and after she finished school she went to work as a hosiery salesgirl in one of the department stores. Her sister Babe was in Chicago and wrote her that Jack Benny, who had become very popular in vaudeville, and who was most attrative, would be in Los Angeles soon, and that she had asked him to call on her.

"Why people fall for that man I don't know," said Mary acidly, when she read Babe's letter, but just the same she received quite a thrill when Jack suddenly appeared at the hosiery counter one afternoon and said, "If you'll come down to the evening performance, and if you'll laugh, I'll take you dancing after the show."

Mary has been laughing ever since. When Jack's week was up he returned to Chicago to do a play. He called her over long distance. "What did he want?" asked her mother, even more excited than Mary over her first long distance call. "He just wanted to say hello," says Mary sort of dreamylike. "All that money just to say hello! He's nuts," was the consensus of the Marks family. Jack might have soon forgotten her, Mary shudders when she thinks of it now, if she hadn't accepted her sister's invitation to visit her in Chicago. There at the train with Babe was, of all people, Jack Benny, in a double-breasted blue suit and a hat. Jack proceeded to give her a big rush Friday and Saturday, and bringing her back to the hotel Saturday night he said in the taxi, "I'm not ready to get married, but when I do I think I'd like to marry you."

"Well, what do you want me to do," said Mary with a touch of the Mary Livingston that was to make her so popular on the radio, "just sit around and wait for you?"

Sunday they became engaged, Monday they quarreled and broke their engagement, and Tuesday they were married. That was fifteen years ago.

"Jack's the same now as he was then," says Mary. "I don't think he has changed one bit in the fifteen years that I have been married to him. He's still the nicest man I ever met in my life."

* Rita Hayworth and Charles Boyer, starring in 20th Century-Fox' "Tales of Manhattan". It's easy to have alluring hands—with Jergens Lotion!

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As a prelude to Spring, we greet March with "beauty armor" against wind and weather!

GIVE a girl mascara and a lipstick, and she can work magic with eyes and mouth. Give a girl Camille Cream Mascara and even if she is a novice at this gentle art of eye beautification, she will have no trouble in achieving lashes that look longer, lovelier and darker. And if eyes grow teary from the smart of wind or particles of dust, Camille will not leave dark tracks on her cheeks and give away her mascara secret. Camille is in chain stores for a mere song, and it comes in black, brown or dark blue.

FOR the want of a nail, a battle was once lost, if you remember the old verse. And in this merry month of March, many a curl, in fact, many a whole coiffure will be lost to the fury of wind without the right hair retainers. So—this is the moment to remember that the name, De Long, means perfection in hair pins—pins with a fine, strong spring that won't slip out of your hair. Save that pompadour—save your whole head with the straight or curved styles sketched. De Long's really stay put.

TO WIND- and weather-proof your skin against the blasts of weather we're in for, comes a nice, big, generous offer by Woodbury. I hope you won't be able to resist it. With the luxurious 75¢ size of Woodbury Cold Cream, splendid cleanser, soother, smoother, you get *gratis* a 50¢ bottle of Woodbury Lotion. This for a limited time! You can literally lave and bathe yourself all over in these splendid softeners and keep in the pink of skin condition. The lotion is especially good for wind roughened legs.

MAYBE you're ready for a starter for Spring in the way of perfume. Then let the Ronni flacon opposite remind you of ten entrancing Ronni scents—Gardenia, Rare Orchid, Lilac, Lily-of-the-Valley, Sweet Pea, Rose, Femme Desiree, Exquis, Violet and Chypre! Sketched, is the $2.50 to $10 packaging, but you can compromise on junior sizes in the chain stores—a happy and practical idea for the girl who likes to be fickle with perfume, to wear first this, then that. She'll like a perfume "wardrobe."

YOUR skin's good friend—Aknasol. It's not new to this column, but is such a good corrective "dependable," especially in the case of surface eruptions, blackheads, whiteheads, coarsened skin and extreme oiliness. The colloidal sulphur content is the secret. Aknasol is a delicately scented, creamy lotion, not apparent on the skin. Use it at night or as a powder base, and thus get twenty-four-hour corrective benefit. Men and boys find it very helpful, too.

FOR personal daintiness, for protection of clothing, Fresh No. Two, non-perspirant and deodorant cream, gets posies from this department. Daintiness we've always prized, but perhaps it took Pearl Harbor to show us that some of our luxuries may go with war—that lovely clothing should be cared for, protected. This gentle cream won't rot fabrics, is greaseless, of the vanishing type, very effective and mild. Fresh No. Two for you for that first blouse or frock of Spring, as well as good grooming. C. M.

Cinema Cinderella

Continued from page 16

seems it has whims! One little curl goes this way, one that. If she indulges these whimsies, all goes well; if less understanding hands touch her hair, that is not so good. She solves her situation by a professional shampoo but a self-set, when she does not have the facilities for shampooing at hand. She can do practically everything for herself but a manicure. And she does not like that, feeling that everyone should be able to rise to the occasion of self-grooming when necessary. Now, my private opinion is that if every girl thought like Ellen and tried to do something about it, she could always be a very good-looking person. Because—it is invariably the hiatus between manicure or shampoo or the delay between replacing worn or old articles of our wardrobe that knocks us off base. It seldom fails but that, hoping no one will see the chipped nail lacquer, or notice the fact that you need to have your hair redone, the Big Moment of your life pops out of the blue. Certainly the safest way to guard against these situations is to keep a bottle of shampoo at hand, perhaps a wave-set lotion, and at least to learn the rudiments of a hair job you won't be ashamed of if you find just one hour between you and that date. Add to the shampoo a manicure kit, and maybe one of those helpful quick facial masks, and you can remake yourself in a short time—if you must.

And if you ask me, there will be plenty of impromptu date opportunities from now on, and most of them in uniform! And try not to let it matter, girls, whether it's the the Colonel, himself, or your little jerk brother's best pal. It is a time for big-heartedness all around, and you know you have smiles and dances to spare!

Orson Welles' new film, "The Magnificent Ambersons," starring Dolores Costello, has Joseph Cotten and Agnes Moorehead, above, in cast.

Any girl who hopes to get anywhere should develop and use her native intelligence, should keep hope and determination high, not be bowled over by the first or second or third blow, should work like anything, hear but believe little that is told her, especially if she is young and pretty, be tolerant of others but hard with herself. That sums up the credo of what we consider Ellen's success but which to her is just a step along the way.

Ellen was born in Kansas City, and had to leave high school in her third year to support herself and mother. Her speech, by the way, is charming and cultured—this, probably from extra time poring over scripts and taking advantage of every coaching opportunity in diction and voice. When she was sixteen, posing as eighteen, she went to work for $10 a week. She and her mother budgeted. "We got by," is Ellen's succinct comment. The job blew up, so she became a salesgirl. Along came the NRA and automatically increased her salary to $15 weekly. That was something! The store for which Ellen worked entered her in a beauty contest. Ellen won. So with a few Hollywood-struck friends, she journeyed there in a flivver, to find beauty contest winners as plentiful as palm trees. Apparently, nobody needed Ellen, so she went to work as a waitress selling candy and serving at the soda fountain.

Many times Ellen heard these words, "You ought to be in pictures." One day the agent, William Demarest, said this to Ellen. Then she listened. Result, an audition with Paramount, then a stock player's contract.

Ellen stuck to her knitting, earned $50 weekly for walking on and off in many pictures, and she studied and she worked, and she asked for no more salary than she thought she was worth. That is something for business girls to ponder! Finally, a new and refreshing type was needed, and Ellen filled the bill. Her star was in the ascent, and still is! But it was work and patience and self-improvement that had kept her dully doing until opportunity arose!

After this bit of true story, Ellen pulled out the pins from the hair she had set while we were talking, her eyes sparkling. In a few hours, she would be in Washington with her husband, Cy Bartlett, an army officer stationed there.

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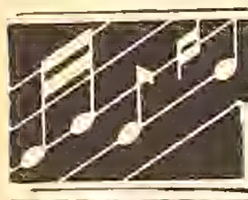

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"Song of the Islands"

Continued from page 23

with those eyes of his and his black wavy hair and that torso which ought to make the Discus Thrower hide his head in sheer humiliation, it's usually the femmes who are singing love songs to Jeff.

How we started, both of us. It was startling enough seeing a blonde native without seeing one with so much oomph. She was swaying a little as she stood there and it was the same gentle rhythm as the palms bending before the soft breeze and her little grass skirt showed off her legs. And what legs! They looked just like the exclamation points they were. You know, like this . . . ! ! And the garlands around her neck and her wrists and her ankles and the flowers in her hair were the color of her lips. There were some other natives with her, but we didn't even see them.

"Now, Jeff," I warned as he made that flying leap from the boat to the beach. "You know what you promised me. Remember that redhead in Buenos Aires!"

"Rusty, you know me." Jeff laughed. "Did I ever break a promise?"

"Every time!" I yelled after him. But it wasn't Jeff's promise that worried me. It was the one I had made to his old man back in Chicago when he sent us to look over his cattle ranch in the Island of Ahmi-Oni. It worried me now the way the boss was looking to me to keep his son out of trouble.

But Jeff wasn't thinking of anything except that girl. "Aloha," he said, going up to her.

"Aloha," she said, and her voice gave us the idea of how the birds sound in the Islands.

"Well!" Jeff grinned at her. "Now that we're acquainted, where are we? I mean, I'd just like to know where we've landed, not that I have any complaints. Do you live around here, I hope?"

"Wait a minute," I said, taking off my ten-gallon hat and giving her a bit of old Texas gallantry. "Jeff, you can't expect a native like this to understand your lingo."

"What do you mean, native?" Jeff laughed. "She stepped right out of a steamship folder. Look at her blonde hair."

"So what?" I said. "They have blondes everywhere. Besides, some Swedes might'a been shipwrecked here. Señorita!" I turned to her, giving her a big take. "Parlez-vous Sweet Leilani?"

I'd have given anything if I knew the Island lingo then, for her words sounded like the chorus of one of the songs they sing with steel guitars.

"What did she say?" Jeff asked.

"Aloha," I told him.

"We're doing swell," he said then. "That's just where we started."

"Well, keep punchin'." I laughed. "You might hit the jack-pot yet."

"We're looking for the Harper Cattle Ranch," Jeff told her. "Circle H—savvy?" He began making motions and the girl smiled.

"Ae, ae," she said. Even we could tell that meant yes in her language and she flung us another look as she ran gaily ahead of us.

"See?" Jeff said. "She catches on quick. I can make her understand anything."

"That's what I'm afraid of," I muttered, getting into line beside him.

"Hele mai," the girl said and even though we didn't understand her words, we could see that her eyes and her smile meant "Follow me."

"And how!" Jeff grinned. "You go first, honey. I like the scenery from this angle."

"Yeah." I shook my head. "That's the angle that got us in trouble in the Argentine."

We hadn't gone far when the girl stopped, pointing to a rickety bridge on which there was a *Harper Cattle Ranch, No Trespassing* sign and showed quite clearly that here was where she got off.

"Lady," Jeff said then, giving her one of his biggest smiles, "you've given us a sweet reception on your own home grounds, but if I ever meet you in the moonlight, you'd better holler 'Aloha' and start running."

"Just start running," I warned her. "Never mind the Aloha."

Well, here we go again, I thought, seeing the way Jeff was looking after her as she went away. I knew it wasn't going to be easy this time and there'd been plenty of bad times ever since the old man took me away from running his outfit in Texas to run his son instead. Riding herd on a handsome guy like Jeff is no picnic. Then I knew the other thing wasn't going to be a picnic either, seeing how things were going on his ranch. I mean, when I saw John Rodney, the man who was managing it. There was something about him I didn't like from the start.

"We've been travelling around making an inspection of my old man's properties." Jeff said after he'd introduced himself and me.

"Well, that's fine," Rodney said, looking as if he didn't mean it at all. "I know your father expects you to take over the business one of these days."

"His father also expected him to marry a lovely girl in Chicago last year," I put in glumly. "But he was eliminated in the semi-finals."

Jeff didn't like Rodney any more than I did. I knew that when he slipped me a wink and started looking around the ranch as if what he saw didn't please him at all. "So this is Circle H." He shook his head. "Looks bad, very bad."

"Terrible," I said, helping him with the build-up to what was *not* going to be a beautiful friendship. "Pretty rundown from what I've seen."

"But you haven't seen anything yet." Rodney was plainly getting the wind up. "You must have come ashore on the O'Brien property. He's a good-for-nothing old beachcomber who owns that strip of land across the bridge. Nothing over there you'd care to look at."

"No?" Jeff grinned. "How do they Hula over on this side?"

"Hula!" Rodney drew himself up. "I wouldn't think of having women like that on this ranch. It would take the men's mind off their work."

"Goodbye!" Jeff kidded, turning to the bridge again, but I caught his arm.

"He's right," I pointed out. "And our

CAST

"SONG OF THE ISLANDS"

(A 20th Century-Fox Production)

Eileen O'Brien	Betty Grable
Jeff Harper	Victor Mature
Rusty Smith	Jack Oakie
Dennis O'Brien	Thomas Mitchell
Jeff's Father	George Barbier
Palola	Hilo Hattie
Palola's Father	Billy Gilbert
Palola's Cousin	Lillian Porter
John Rodney	Hal K. Dawson

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minds are not strong right now, either. Let's eat first."

"Let me take you in and get you settled," Rodney said smoothly. "When you're rested up, I'll show you around the ranch."

It was almost evening when he took us for a tour of the ranch. And as if it wasn't strange enough seeing native cowboys, I saw something I never thought I'd live to see and that was those cowboys driving the steers into the water.

"What are they dragging them out there for?" I asked. "Giving 'em a bath?"

"Oh, no." Rodney pointed out over the water where a cattle boat was waiting. "They swim them out to the smaller boats in lots of ten. Then they are towed out to the waiting ship. By that time the boys have slipped bellybands under them and they are all ready to be hoisted aboard. See!"

I saw all right and it made my blood boil. Being a cowboy all my life I naturally have respect for cattle and I didn't like seeing those steers kicking the way they did as they were swung up to the ship.

"It ain't natural!" I exploded. "You can't tell me a steer don't resent it. I know I would. Why don't you build a pier out to the boat?"

"We can't," Rodney said. "Our surf is too shallow. That's why your father's been trying to buy O'Brien's property. He has the only deep water rights on the Island."

"What's O'Brien holding out for?" I asked.

"He won't set a price." Rodney shook his head. "He has a silly idea about preserving his place as a sanctuary for the natives."

"That's one of the reasons we dropped in here," Jeff said. "To see if we couldn't make O'Brien change his mind. I'll take it up with him immediately. And besides, I have some unfinished business of my own to look after over at the O'Brien place."

It wasn't necessary to know Jeff as I did to understand what he meant. "Jeff," I begged, "there's a nice safe cattle boat out there. Le's go home with the cows before you get in trouble."

But I should have known better. No one can stop Jeff once he's got his mind set on anything. And it certainly was set on that girl. I knew I'd have to look after him. But when we reached the O'Brien ranch I was sorry I had come, for there was a native dame coming after me, looking like Columbus must have when he sighted land. You know, as if she'd found what she was looking for.

Now never let it be said that Rusty Smith is at all luke-warm when it comes to dames, and who wouldn't be a sucker for flower garlands and a straw skirt? But the answer to that one is it all depends on who is wearing the straw skirt. Palola, that was her name, didn't look anything like the little blonde, even though she had curves too. It just happened that Palola's were all in the wrong place and there were too many of them. And when she grabbed me it felt as if she had more arms than a centipede.

Someone laughed as I struggled with her and when I turned I saw the blonde standing on the porch and she was dressed the way girls are back in the States and she was talking English.

"I always knew you were a fast worker," I said to Jeff. "But when you can teach 'em English that quick, brother, you're home!"

But Jeff didn't seem pleased at all. "Did you take me for a ride!" he told her reprovingly.

"You asked for a ticket, don't you think?" The girl laughed. "Saying if I ever met you in the moonlight I'd better holler 'Aloha' and start running. Well," she glanced up at the moon coming out over the trees. *"Aloha!"*

"Go ahead." Jeff got red. "Hand it out. I deserve it."

But the girl wasn't letting him off that easy. "I suppose you came over here thinking I was some poor little native who'd go gaga when she saw you with your nice wavy hair all slicked up!" she said.

"Me?" Jeff pretended to be surprised. "That was the last thought I had in mind. I had no idea you even lived around here. I was looking for an old goat by the name of O'Brien."

"An old goat, huh?" All the singing was gone out of her voice. "Listen, my name is O'Brien, too and I am the old goat's daughter!"

It was just as well Jeff didn't have to answer, for just then someone called "Eileen" and coming out of the house was a man who looked so Irish, we knew he had to be O'Brien. "Oh, is it company we're having?" he asked in a soft brogue. Then as Eileen introduced us he turned to Jeff. "You'd be the son of old Jefferson Harper, I take it. Well, I hope you're a warmer hearted man than your father. For years he's been trying to buy me out and get rid of me. The man's daft, I'm thinking, owning a beautiful ranch and never setting foot on it since the day he bought it and leaving everything to that pinhead of a Rodney who's that efficient he drives the poor natives into working day and night."

"But Dad has a big investment here," Jeff pointed out. "And the only way to make it pay is work."

"Work!" O'Brien exploded at that. "Work in a land where all a man has to do to fill his stomach is reach for the nearest tree! That's what's wrong with the world: Everyone's fighting and grabbing for money instead of living in peace and goodwill the way heaven intended them."

"You've got something there, Mr. O'Brien," Jeff said, but Eileen stopped him

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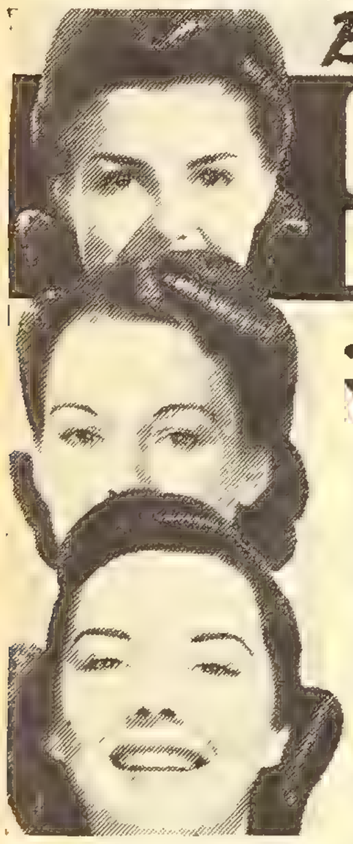

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with as pretty a little wrinkle of a nose as I've ever seen. "Don't encourage him," she said. "He'll talk for hours."

"I will and I can on that subject." Her father grinned. "But I'll get a drop of something cool for us before I begin."

Even without those drinks O'Brien would have been okay with me. They don't come often, men like him, and it wasn't a wonder every man, woman, and child on the Island loved him. That is, everybody except Rodney. When he saw how we felt about the O'Briens, me about the old man and Jeff about the girl, he began dropping hints about us leaving.

But Jeff wasn't leaving. Something had happened to him. Even I could see he was different with Eileen than he had been with all the others. They went surfboard riding and fishing and sailing and when he wasn't with her I could see his eyes getting that faraway look that means love all spelled in capital letters.

He was in love, all right, so much in love he didn't even know I was along that day the three of us went sailing. He was playing a guitar and singing a song all about the blue shadows and white gardenias and the way he sang it, it wasn't a song at all but a proposal. Then when he finished, he leaned toward her and drew her closer to him, but when he tried to kiss her he discovered the flower in her hair was taking the right of way from his lips.

"Mind if I move the bouquet over so I can move in myself?" he asked her.

"Can't," Eileen whispered, drawing away as he tried to take the flower. "You mustn't touch." And then as his eyes questioned her, "You see, when a girl has a flower over her left ear it means she's nobody's sweetheart, she's looking."

"And over the right ear?" Jeff asked.

"That means," Eileen smiled up at him, "hands off. She's taken." She laughed then breathlessly as he took the flower and changed it so that now it was over her right ear. "Jeff, don't," she whispered and suddenly all the laughter was gone and she sounded almost sad, almost frightened. "Don't, unless you mean it," she said.

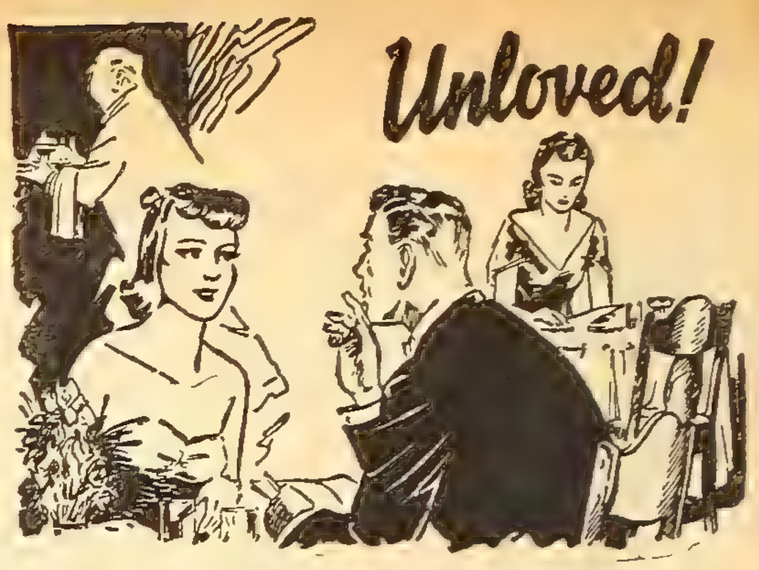
He meant it, all right. She knew that when he took her in his arms. Anyone could see he was all set for a little house among the flowers and palm trees, a little house with southern exposure and all the conveniences and with nothing to do but play and make love.

I couldn't blame him too much. For there was a little Island girl I sort of had my eyes on myself and who was making me wonder if there wasn't a nice, cozy little duplex island for rent. Yes, sir, she made me feel that being a beachcomber wouldn't be a bad way to spend the rest of my life. I even learned to play a ukulele and went around in comfortable white pants rolled up to my knees, wearing one of those flowered shirts the natives do when they want to really dress up and even getting to the point where I liked those flowers the little brunette was always hanging around my neck. All of which wouldn't have made any difference if I hadn't been wearing them the day old man Harper came. It was Rodney's fault, his coming unexpected like that. He'd sent him word about how interested Jeff was getting in Eileen.

"Well, well, Mr. Harper," I gulped, trying to smile when I saw him and feeling just how sick that smile must look. "Think of meeting you here! Small world, isn't it? And Aloha, sir, Aloha!"

Mr. Harper happens to be one of those short, fat men who make you know that all fat men aren't good-natured. The frost he gave me made it feel as if the Island had been suddenly transferred from the tropics to the Arctic Circle. "What are you made up for?" he snapped. "You look like an Indian squaw on the war path."

"Well, I'll tell you," I said, trying to



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give him the brush-off. "It's a little warm in this country for boots and chaps. I was just—"

"A fine example you're setting for my son!" he went on. "What do you mean by letting him make a fool of himself with that O'Brien girl?"

I started to say something but a crowd of little native children I'd promised some goodies to came running up to me shouting, "Papaya, papaya," which means something to eat in their language but sounds like something quite different in ours.

"Um!" says Harper, taking a suspicious look at them. "So that's what you've been up to!"

I was just telling him that papayas grew on trees around here when Jeff came in.

"I've heard all about you and O'Brien's daughter!" Harper shouted before Jeff even had a chance to say hello. "Get your things packed. You're leaving with me in the morning. I'm holding the plane I arrived in overnight."

"Tomorrow!" Jeff had to think fast, but Jeff always does, just as fast as he acts. "But I'm just about to close that deal with O'Brien for his harbor," he said, knowing if there was one thing close to the old man's heart it was business. And the shot went home, for Harper looked interested. "Why not bring the harbor into the family?" Jeff went on quickly. "You'd love Eileen, Dad."

His father gave him a long look and he must have seen the boy had his mind made up, for instead of doing the irate father act he became almost sympathetic.

"I'm not going to act like an old sourpuss," he said. "I'm not going to tell you who you can or can't marry. But you know I need you home in Chicago. If you marry and settle down here—"

"Well," Jeff looked as if he couldn't believe his own luck, "we'll have to spend some time here. Eileen couldn't leave her father permanently and Mr. O'Brien couldn't live any place else."

"Unless it was over a brewery," I said, but they didn't pay any attention to me. Both of them were too busy figuring how they were going to get their own way and from the way it looked from my ringside seat, I'd say they started with a draw.

I had to admit the old man was doing pretty well when we went over to O'Brien's. Anybody would have thought he meant it when he went through all the motions of welcoming Eileen into the family but I'd seen him putting through too many business deals to be fooled. And I was right, for he hadn't been there ten minutes when he looked at O'Brien. "Now, let's get down to business," he said.

"Business?" O'Brien shook his head. "That's a word for penny-pinchers and rascals. Let's not bring it up on a friendly occasion like this."

"I haven't time to fool around," Harper said, shaking his head impatiently. "Put a price on that harbor of yours."

O'Brien didn't say anything for a minute. Then he smiled. "Use the harbor if it's of use to you," he said then. "Build a pier or anything you'd like for your convenience. But let it be a matter between friends. Not business."

Harper almost exploded at that. "I'm not asking favors," he shouted. "I came here to do business."

"Business!" O'Brien looked at Eileen. "There he goes again. The man's bewitched by the word." He turned to Harper. "You never relax. All you think about is money-grabbing."

"Is that so?" Harper banged his fist on the table. "Well, I see through your game. You want me to build a pier on your property and then charge me for right of way."

"What's that you're saying?" O'Brien demanded. "The back of me hand to you! I wouldn't let one of your cattle wet a tail in my ocean, now."

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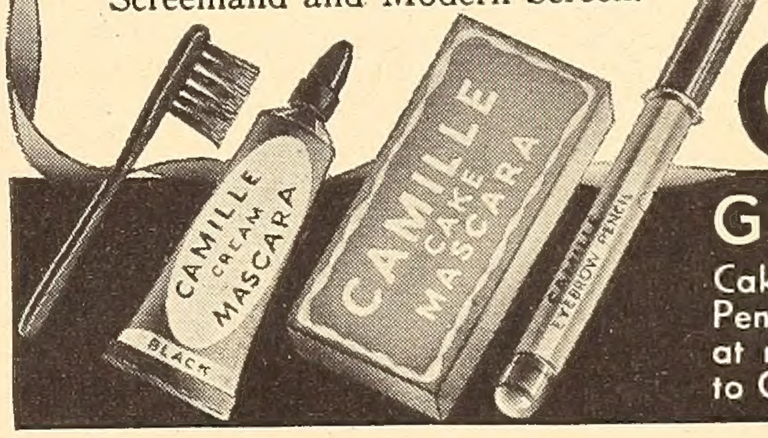

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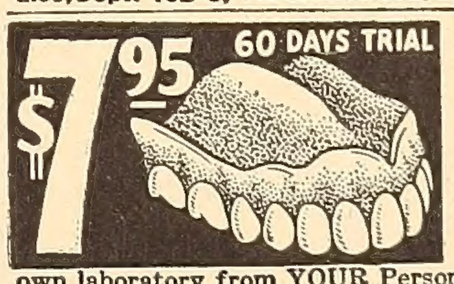

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William Tracy and Elyse Knox in "Hay Foot," hilarious Hal Roach comedy about army life.

"Mr. Harper," Eileen said, and she looked so pretty with her eyes all dewy and anxious that way. "There isn't anything to quarrel about since Jeff and I are—"

"That's what I say, Dad," Jeff put in eagerly. "It's all going to be in the family anyway."

"There's going to be no family about it!" Harper shouted, even louder than he'd been shouting before, because a storm had come up and the thunder was crashing over his voice.

"Just a minute, Dad," Jeff said. "Eileen and I have this all settled."

"Then I'll unsettle it," Harper said. And that was the signal for general fireworks.

"Very well, Mr. Harper." Eileen tossed her head. "If there isn't going to be any family about it, I'll tell you the deal we'll make. You can use our harbor for fifty percent of the price your cattle bring at the market."

"That's highway robbery!" Harper exploded, and even Jeff looked aghast at Eileen.

"Lady, you should have been a nightclub hostess," he said.

That was what started the quarrel between Eileen and Jeff, and by the time we started for home with Harper and O'Brien still trying to shout each other down over the sound of the thunder, it looked as if nothing would ever bring those youngsters together again, judging by the fury in Eileen's eyes and the set look around Jeff's mouth. But just as we reached the bridge separating the two ranches, he turned to his father.

"Dad, will you do me a favor?" he asked. "Will you come back to O'Brien's and let me straighten this out?"

"Never!" Harper shouted as he was about to set foot on the bridge. "Never! Not if it was the last step I ever took."

It was almost as if Fate must have heard him. First there was that terrific crash of thunder and the lightning zooming down so close I couldn't help jumping and then the sound of wood splintering and Jeff and me grabbing Harper just as the bridge broke in two.

"We'll have to go back now," Jeff said. "There's no other way to get across." But Harper wouldn't hear of it. And just as I was sure we were all going to catch pneumonia standing around there in the rain, we heard O'Brien's voice calling to us and believe me, it sounded like sweet music at that moment. Even the old man didn't make too much of a fuss about going back when O'Brien apologized for his part of the quarrel in that soft Irish tongue of his.

But Eileen wasn't giving in. She didn't come down for dinner and Jeff sat there unable to eat a mouthful and with his eyes looking as if the end of the world had come. And the next morning at breakfast there was Harper and O'Brien acting as if they'd been buddies for years and Harper looking as if he had begun to realize all he'd been missing these years, seeing how easy and pleasant everything was at the O'Brien ranch. He looked almost sorry when word came that the bridge had been fixed and he could go.

Jeff didn't go with him.

"How you doin'?" I asked when I saw him stand back as O'Brien went along with Harper.

"Great," he said bitterly. "The enemy is barricaded and I can't advance an inch."

"You're going at this the wrong way," I told him. "These girls over here want romance. You got to be a toreador, sing 'em a love song. I know, Pal, they even listen to *me*. Come on. I got to get you straightened out."

Even before I'd spoken to him I'd got a lot of the native boys and girls to bring their guitars and ukeleles and now they all went along with us and stood under Eileen's window and we all began to sing a love song of the Islands. But the shade on her window was down and she didn't even pull it up.

"You see," Jeff sighed. "What did I tell you? She sees me coming and pulls the shade down. There's nothing left for me to do but go back to Chicago." And when we got home he went to his father. "Eileen and I are all washed up," he said. "I guess you're right. I'd better settle down and take business seriously."

"Hmmm." His father looked at him and I could have sworn he was disappointed. "Well, if you want to leave, Rodney has a way to settle with O'Brien. He had a lawyer dig into the records and they find out O'Brien hasn't paid a land tax in over five years. So we bought his property up."

"Wait a minute," Jeff protested. "You can't do that. Even if Eileen and I are through!"

But his father didn't even answer as he sent for Rodney. "Go over to O'Brien and serve that eviction notice," he said, and just as I was deciding I was through with the old man forever he turned to me and winked, so I knew it was only a game and he wasn't doing something I'd have hated him for doing the rest of my life. "Tell him he'll have to get off my property."

"I already have, Mr. Harper," Rodney said. "I saw no reason for delay, so I—"

Harper got livid at that. "You idiot!" he blared. "You and your blasted efficiency. Who told you to do that?"

He grabbed his hat and started for the door but Jeff was there before him and I was alongside of him. And it was funny how I remembered then it was St. Patrick's Day and how for weeks O'Brien had been talking about the fete he always gave on that day and now here it had come finding him and Eileen without even a roof over their heads. But you wouldn't have thought it when you saw that girl. There she stood on the porch with her father, that proud little chin of hers held high.

"Eileen, Mr. O'Brien," Jeff said. "I'm terribly sorry about this. I don't know what my father was thinking of."

"I do." O'Brien started walking toward the house. "His money."

"I don't blame your dad," Jeff said as O'Brien banged the door behind him. "But I had nothing to do with it, honey. I didn't even know what was going on. I won't let my father go through with it."

"He has gone through with it," Eileen said evenly. "It's done. I can't believe things like this still happen, putting people off their land. It's like something out of 'East Lynne.'"

"You can't let this come between us," Jeff broke in desperately. "I love you, darling." He took a quick step toward her, but Eileen turned away.

"My father always tried to be fair and honest with everyone," she said in that quiet, even voice. "Yours doesn't do business that way. The Harpers and O'Briens wouldn't mix, Jeff, ever."

"Eileen!" Jeff sounded frantic. "You're wrong. I'll do anything you ask."

"Then tell your father the O'Briens will get off his property as fast as they can!" she said.

Jeff didn't say a word as we walked away, only his mouth tightened when he saw his father hurrying, all out of breath, toward the O'Brien house. I could see he didn't trust himself to talk to him just then. But I felt one of us had better keep an eye on Harper before he could do any more damage. And so telling Jeff to wait for me I rushed back to the house and got there as O'Brien was opening the door.

"Where's me shillalah? You thieving villain!" he said when he saw Harper. "Stealing a man's roof from over his head on St. Patrick's Day."

"I had no intention of going through with it," Harper said. "I just thought I saw a way to patch up things with Jeff and Eileen. I was sure when I told him what I intended doing, it would send him rushing back to her again and everything would be all right. And everything was till that jackass Rodney got too efficient. Can I ask you a favor?"

"Well," O'Brien hesitated just a minute. Then he smiled. "If you put it that way, anything you'd like. What is it?"

"Your girl and my boy had the right idea," Harper said. "All we have to do is get the kids together again and that will keep the harbor in the family. I'm sure you can bring Eileen around."

"Me?" O'Brien shook his head dubiously. "I couldn't do a thing with her once her mind's set. She's Irish. But wait a minute. I'll call her. Let's have a drink first to give us courage. We'll need it."

Even the drink didn't do any good. Eileen wouldn't even listen to her father, much less Harper.

"You're a shame to the Irish!" O'Brien said then. "Where's your generosity?"

"Jeff's a darn fine boy," Harper put in desperately. "And he's crazy about you."

"This is a nice way to show it," Eileen said coldly. "Why isn't he here?"

It was just then I saw the plane flying over the harbor. "That's why he isn't here," I lied, stepping forward. "He just took off on that plane. He told me to come here and say goodbye for him."

"Jeff!" Eileen whispered, and now all the coldness was gone from her eyes and her voice and I felt like a coyote when I saw she was beginning to cry. Then she turned and ran from the house, down to the cliffs looking over the water and all the time she was calling Jeff's name over and over again so it sounded like a prayer.

I went after her because I had to see it was going to turn out all right. And it did, for as she stopped Jeff came over to her and put his arms around her.

She was crying so hard she didn't even see who it was as she buried her head against his shoulder. "Pop," she whispered. "It was my fault. I didn't mean it. I do love him."

"Sure," came Jeff's voice in an imitation of O'Brien's brogue. "And he loves you too, darlin'." And then he lifted her face in his hands and kissed her.

It was enough to make any man lonely seeing that kiss. I started walking away just as fast as I could, with both my eyes wide open, looking for that cute little native girl with one of them and making sure Palola wouldn't catch me first with the other. And never was there a St. Patrick's Day like it, for Jeff or for me either.

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